

Abramideis: OR, THE Faithful PATRIARCH. Exemplify'd in the LIVES OF Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph.

An Heroic POEM.

*Credo equidem nos Vana Fides. Virg.
Tradidit Arcano quodcumq; volumine Moyses. Juv.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Abel Roper* at the Black Boy against
St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street; and
Chantry at the Sign of *Lincolns-Inn* Square
near *Lincolns-Inn* Back Gate. MDCCCV.

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СОВОДОМ



TO

The Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord HALLIFAX.

My L O R D,

TH E many and Great Civilitys that I have receiv'd from Your Family, and particularly from Your Lordship, justly demand a Suitable and Grateful Acknowledgment of them in the Face of the World.

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It

The Epistle Dedicatory.

It is therefore, my Lord, that I
most humbly beg Your Lordships ac-
ceptance of this little Treatise, in
Testimony of my entire Thanks,
and Gratitude for all Your Fa-
vours, it being the full and only
Retaliation at Present that I am
able to make. I am sensible that
the World, at least the most di-
scerning Part of Mankind, will
Censure me for being so very con-
fident as to offer this unfinish'd
Poem at the Feet of so Great a
Master, and so Incomparable a
Judge in Poetry as Your Lordship.
However that Opinion of Man-
kind does not in the least deter
me, or make me think the worse
but rather the better of my self,
That

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That I have made choice of such a Patron as knows when with Reason to Condemn, and when with Candour to Connive; By which means when I am really told of my Faults from so judicious a Reader, I shall, being undeniably convinc'd, learn another Time to amend. One Thing I cannot but plead before Your Lordship in Defence of the many Defects which Your Lordship may discern in this Poem, that is, the Difficulty of framing such a Subject Matter, as this, attended with so many and so frequent short Answers and Questions, into good Modern Language, as well as good Verse, without losing the History and making a new one of my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

own. As I have in all parts fully surmounted this difficulty (as I believe) nor lost any Material Part of the History, tho' sometimes as an Embellishment I have added to it, So, I hope, upon that very Consideration Your Lordship will be pleas'd to read it over with Patience and Candour, that altho' it reach not to the Excellency of a Finisht Poem, such as Your Lordship only perhaps is able to Write, yet may I find a place in the Second Class of Poets, and what is to me highly more valuable, a favourable Reception from Your Lordships Hand. In short, my Lord, your Great Actions, and Services for the Publick Good in the late Reign so much Proclaim your Me-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Merit, That shoud I attempt it
here in this Dedicatory Epistle, as
the manner of some is, I shoud but
commit as great a Solaceisme as He
would do, that shoud make a large
Encomium upon Light, as a New
Thing, when all the World was
sensible of its Univers'd Influence
and Benefit. Therefore, my Lord,
I shall only beg leave to Subscribe
my self,

Your Lordships most Dutiful
and most Obedient humble
Servant to Command.

The Ebullie Dialect.

John Taylor, 2nd of Dunfermline

Edmund Twisselman, San Fran

Answers to Questions.

THE

PREFACE.

After the numerous Panegyrics of this Age for the Glorious Success, and Happy Conduct of one Great Man, whose Actions, and Merits Sound in the Annals of Fame above the Highest Poetic Panegyric that can be made. I hope it will not be amiss to present the World with a *Divine Poem* containing as many Instances of God Almighty's peculiar Providence in some Cases, as It most signally appear'd in the Victory of *Bleinheim* under the Conduct of that Great General, when the Advantage of a Regular, and well situated Camp, and the Plurality of Number seem'd to bid Defyance to the bravest *Hero* in the

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the World. And altho' the Elegant and terse Composition of this *Poem* may not every where Adæquately appear conform to the strict Rules of Poetry, as if it had been manag'd by the Pen of a *G—th*, or an *Ad—son*, yet the Intent and Design of the Author is fully answered by it; Who Wrote it not out of Vanity, or Ostentation to be accounted an Eminent Poet, or one of the first Rank, But for Delight and Instruction of All, who, tho' below the Degree of Skilful Masters in Poetry, may be inclin'd by reading this Poem to Adore the Omnipotent Providence (so Conspicuous in the Lives of these Patriarchs) more remarkably, when as perhaps in Prose the History thereof would be very little Inviting. I cannot deny, but that upon a Review many Defects appear to me, yet considering from what a rough Subject I have polished out a *Poetic Beauty*, (if there Shine any in it,) I hope

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I shall in some Measure deserve an Universal Candour, tho' not an entire Pardon.

The Great *Milton* in his *Paradise Lost* seems to have supereminent Advantages beyond any that have wrote *Divine Poems*. The Learned Sir *R. Blackmore* in his Paraphrase on *Job*, and the Ingenious Mr. *Westley* in his Life of Christ, &c. were oblig'd in many places to follow the very Text of the H. Scriptures to carry on the History, as they found it related, not as if they fram'd one of their own. Now Mr. *Milton*'s Fancy had a larger Latitude, and his Genius was not bound up to the Rules of any particular Matter. So that if one frame of Thoughts suited not to his purpose, he could presently cast them into another Mould, and fashion them into different Shapes as he pleas'd.

Besides this vast Latitude to rove unconfin'd to particular Texts, and Matter, he had yet another Advantage above

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above all Poets, in that he was *not confin'd to Rhyme*, which often so presses an Author that he frequently Labours, and fatigues his Brains more to conjoyn the Matter, so as it ought to be, than to Invent the Composition, or frame of the Poem he designs. This is the hard Fate of Poets oblig'd to Rhyme, yet such it is, in my Opinion, That true Poetry cannot be without it, I mean, according to the present Standard of English Poetry. Hence some have call'd Mr. *Milton* the *P R O S A I C P O E T*, and very properly too, I think, and without a Solæcisme, if Præpossession, and the fear of a Popular Clamour do not extort a Consent to own him otherwise. For altho' it cannot without Injustice be deny'd that he wrote in a very Noble Sublime Style, and wonderful lofty Expressions frequently occur, yet were it not for the manner of Printing his Poetry, and the Denomination of a

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Title Page, scarce any one that reads it, would believe he read Verses in *Paradise Lost*. v. g. *Of Man's first Disobedience and the Fruit of that forbidden Tree, whose Mortal Tast brought Death into all the World, and all our Woe, till one Greater Man restore us again, and regain the Blissful Seat and Heavenly Muse.* And so of the like Nature in five Hundred Places in that Book do instances appear. Now I cannot think one that has as yet never read *Paradise Lost*, will ever apprehend this to be Poetry (tho' they are the first Lines of his First Book) when He reads him.

Furthermore, besides this Advantage in *not being confin'd to Rhyme*, Mr. Milton had another very Eminent one, which was, *To use any Words, so that the right number of Feet were but true, to make the Verses even.* This is so great a Priviledge, that it is no Wonder if lofty Thoughts, and noble Expressions

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ons in a *Genius* of so Fluent Invention were not frequently mingled in His Writings. Now whosoever is Bound to Rhyme cannot do it, by Reason the quantitys of Words which are Co-significant, will not suit, *v. g.* *Repentant*, and *Penitent*; *Dejected*, and *Sorrowful* bear the same signification, and equal Feet, yet by their interchange confound the Poetry. *v. g.*

But if the sad Repentant Sinner plead,
And at the Throne Submit's Dejected Head.

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Commute but the Words, as aforesaid; and they cannot please the Ear. *v. g.*

But if the sad Penitent Sinner plead,
And at the Throne Submit's Sorrowful Head.

So that if Mr. *Milton* could unblameable assume this Liberty, as He very frequently doth, the Sublimity of His

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Style,

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Style, may be admir'd but the Poetic Genius never will. For in Relation to Verses,

None please the Fancy that offend the Ear.

vid. Dispensary.

And *Horace* himself testifies that another Qualification beyond the Greatness of Style is requisite in Poems,

Non satis est præclara Poemata, Dulcia sunt.

For there is a Sweetness requir'd which is not to be found in these Verses.

On the fertile Banks

Of *Abbana*, and *Pharpar*, Lucid Streams. *lib. 1.*

Of *Ganges*, and *Hydaspes* Indian Streams. *lib. 3.*

Plato's Elysium leapt into the Sea.

Cleombrotus and many more too long. *lib. 3.*

And some Thousands more, if thoroughly examined. But I forbear to make farther Scrutiny into His Defects, because Greater may be found in this *Poetic Essay* of mine. Only I cannot pass by one Liberty more which He

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affumes above others, and uncensur'd for it too. *Viz.* By affecting a kind of French *Mode of Writing*, as I may call it, That is, By putting the *Adjective* or *Epithite* after the *Substantive* to form a true Cadence in His Poetry. Now should another affect this Way without the Authority of this Great Man to lean on, I doubt the World would receive such his Works with Ignominy and Contempt.

Nay in the General, I cannot conceive but that it may justly be question'd whether a Regular Number of Feet without Rhyme be sufficient to Denominate such a Composition, *VERSES*, as Poetry now stands in the English Nation; Because *Usus* (says *Horace*) determines the *Norma loquendi* —————

————— *Si volet Usus ratione dicere
Quem penes Arbitrium est & Ius,* *De Arte Poetica*
Norma loquendi *Now*

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Now if the present General Use or Custom of Mankind denote *Rhyme* to be a necessary Ingredient in *Verse*, as it generally does, why should that be Esteemed *Poetry* that has none? You may as well call this Poetry, Gen. chap. i. and so to the end of the Bible.

In the Beginning God Created th' Heav'n
And th' Earth. And th' Earth was without form
and void.

And Darkness was upon the Face o'th' Deep
And the Spir't of God mov'd upon the Face
Of Waters Fluctuant, and th' Almighty said
Let there be Light Diffuse, and there was
Light.

Here you see what little variation makes *Blank Verses*, as they are call'd, tho' in my Opinion they deserve not that Name. I know some Modern Authors call *Rhyming*, The *Jingling of Words* to tickle the Ear, and Fancy. What if it be? That is but an Invidious Name and representation of it,

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and no Man can expect any thing to be better than what it was first made for, and designed. It is a Science of Delight, form'd to please the *Hearing* more especially, with a Regular Sound and Cadence of Words, from whence the *Sweetness* in Poetry arises, and a Grace and Lustre is acquir'd. And I look upon a *Regular Number of Feet without Rhyme* no more to constitute a Perfect Poem, than a piece of Cloath cut to the full length of a Man and Girt round Him, makes Him a very Fashionable Suit of Cloaths.

As to the other Forms of Verses as *Sapphics*, *Jambics*, &c. That require distinct Feet sometimes, as *Dactyls*, *Spondeys*, *Anapasts*, &c. They come not here under Consideration. For tho' amongst the *Grecians* and *Romans* they were not wrote in Rhyme

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Rhyme, yet that can be no Rule to us, we must follow the Fashion we have made, or be ridicul'd for Singularity. I do not in the least doubt but that our *English Poetry* was deriv'd from *Them*, by observing the Measure in their Verses, and forming the like proportioned Numbers in the *English Tongue* with the Addition of *Rhyme*, as a Grace to the Poem, and *accidentally*, as an Help to the Memory. This Manifestly appears in several of our Ancient Poets, some of which were so enamour'd with *Rhyme* that they us'd it double in one Verse often, like some Modern Ballads, and indeed their Poetry was but little better.

But in Process of Time, *Custom* prevail'd to strip it of that ridiculous Garb, and retain only what they thought Decent, and Ornamental;

(a) 2

till

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till some Innovators stalking in *Grandes Cothurni*; or *μάχες βιβαδοντες* (as Homer says of *Agamemnon*) assum'd a Power to Invert the Original Constitution of Poetry, and totally strip it of all Rhyme whatever. But how far such a Practise may be allowable, and yet be call'd *Poetry*, I hope I have already satisfied my Reader, and in my Opinion such a Reformation is like that in Matters of Religion made by some Sects, such as Destroys the Frame and Constitution of the whole.

Now that our *English* Poetry took Its Rise from observing the Numbers and Measures in the Latine and Greek Poets, I do not in the least Question, because as their Heroic Poetry consisted of *Dactyls* and *Spondeys*, so does our *English*, if rightly considered, and the Sweetness of both

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both consists in the mixture of such Feet in Verses. For a *Spondey* in the 5th place adds a stiffness to the Latine Style, tho' some Men Laboriously Study to make *Ellipseys* of Syllables to form all *English Poetry* of *Spondaic Feet*, which I look upon as a great Error. For such Words as *Natural*, *Providential*, Words ending in *ion*, &c. I apprehend to be no others than as *Dactyls* in our *English Tongue*, and every whit as necessary towards the Sweetness of Poetry. 'Tis upon this Account I have generally pass'd them by without any *Apostrophe* at all, that the *Unlearned* may read the Word in its own Genuine Spelling, and the *Learned* may, or may not, as they please, read it with an *Apostrophe* imply'd, or as a *Dactyl*, if so thought requisite.

One Irregularity, I must Confess, I have committed, if such it be, that

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I have often studied to speak good Sense in many places, tho' in harsh Lines: Being taught — *To rise in Sense, and sink in Sound* — when the Matter, I am to treat of, must (as in some Cases it happens) be particularly refer'd to. But if the Fancy be left to rove unbounded, then the Poet may justly take the Liberty *Hoc race* allows that

Quæ

*Desperat tractata nitescere posse,
relinquat.*

Lastly, As to the *Observations* I have hereunto annex'd, I design'd them not for Information to the *Learned*, but others. And it being impossible for me to suppose that none would peruse this Poem, but the *Learned*, I have inserted Them to make many Places, which seem difficult, the more easily intelligible
These

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These are my Sentiments of *English Poetry* in general, and in particular of all *Blank Verses*, not in the least intending It as a Reflection on the *Sublime Milton*, but as a Matter well worthy of the Consideration of the Chiefest and Best Poets of our Age; to distinguish the difficulty betwixt a *Blank Writer*, and one confin'd to Write in *Rhyme*.

Besides there is another Reason why the Examples of *Homer*, *Virgil*, &c. should not be a Rule to obstruct the Necessity of *Rhyme*, Because the *Italians*, *French*, yea and all Nations of less Polite Learning agree in It; Besides if we were therefore bound by Those Poets, why do we not make all our Heroic or *Epic Poetry* in *Hexameter Verses* as they did? This I take to be such an undeniable

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deniable Parallel, as Admits of no resolve. However this new Observation of mine on Blank Poetry, never that I know of discuss'd by any one before me, I leave to the Determination of better Judgments.

Abra-

Abramideis.

BOOK. I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Proem, or Invocation. Sarah laments her Barrenness with murmuring Complaints, but at last resolves all her Scruples into Faith. Abraham in Obedience to God's Command leaves Ur of Chaldea, his Native Land, and travels into Canaan, the promis'd Land, where there was then a Famine. Abraham shows his Discontent for being ordered from his Native Country to possess and Inhabit Canaan. The Angel Gabriel descends from Heaven, and reproves his murmuring, and strengthens his Faith, by renewing the Promise of an Heir by Sarah his Wife. Abram passes into Ægypt by Reason of the Famine, but before he came thither, entreats Sarah to own him as a Brother, not an Husband, least Pharoah King of Ægypt, enamour'd with her Beauty, destroy his Life for her sake. *A Description of Pharoah's Palace.* Pharoah takes Sarah unto him into his House, for which God punishes him, and his People. Hereupon a grand Council of

B

Ægypt.

Ægyptian Priests and Magicians are summoned to find out the cause of those heavy Afflictions. The detaining Sarah, is declared to be the cause, whereupon she and Abram are commanded to depart Ægypt, which they forthwith did, and liv'd in Canaan. Abram murmurs for want of an Heir. Sarah gives Hagar, her Hand-maid to him to Wife, on whom he begat Ishmael. God reproves Abram for his murmuring and incredulity, then establishes the Covenant of Circumcision. Three Angels appear to him again in Mamre, and repeat the fresh Promises of a Son and Heir, by Sarah his Wife; God communicates his intention to destroy Sodom, to Abram, who interceeds for it. Lot entertains two Angells, but Satan envying him, sends a Spright call'd LUST to excite the Sodomites to pull down Lot's House, and seize the Strangers. Lust, or Sodomy described. The Angels strike the Sodomites Blind. Sodom burnt with Fire and Brimstone. Sarah brings forth a Son, and calls him Isaac, at whose weaning Abraham makes a great Feast. Sarah causes Abraham to turn Hagar and Ishmael out of Doors, for whom he pleads, but in vain.

AETERNAL SPIRIT of that Bless'd abode,
Where the Tri-une, and Coæternal God
Wrapt in the deep Abyss of ambient Light
Conceals His Majesty from Human sight,

Move

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Move o're my Soul, as o're the Watry flood,

(1) When first th' Almighty Pow'r began to
Brood,

Orig'nal Form in senseless Matters Lap,

And from confusion sprung a Reg'lar shape.

That Heav'nly Rayes sent from thy immense
Light.

May dissipate dark Notions, as the Night,

And 'bove a common Influence inspire.

My Genius with Divine Poetic Fire,

Whilst in Seraphic numbers I relate,

The turns and strange Vicissitudes of Fate.

Show with what ease th' Almighty bafles Man,

Makes his Wit, Folly ; and his Wisdom, vain,

When by a chain of long successive Thought,

And close designs in Secret Councils wrought ;

When big with's own imaginary Sense

He strives to trace the Steps of Providence,

Thinks Plyant Fate must in one Current run,

And Favour all intregues compleatly spun.

Vain Man ! What Pow'r can Heav'ns Decrees
withstand ?

What Policy prevent, what's Praordin'd ?
Know'st thou the Womb whence Entity began :
How fruitful All from Nothing pregnant sprang ?
Can'st thou by thoughtful subtilty declare,
(2) How pendant Earth rolls on supporting Air ;
And t' ev'ry Nation under diff'rent Clime,
Justly commensurates revolving time ?
Can'st thou on *Vacuum* superstructures raise,
Tell how this Globe rests on its empty Base ?
When these Mysterious Truths thou can'st explain,
And show what God, or Nature do's ordain,
Then thou by Reasons Scanty line may'st sound
The Depths, where unforeseen Success is found ;
And in what Orb Omnipotence does move :
Why flow large Fountains of Eternal Love,
Why but small Vials of the Wrath Divine,
Are pour'd on Man, as just rewards of Sin.

Then

Book I. *ABRAMIDEIS.* 5

Then may'st thou learn what Providential
Springs,

Exalt the Poor, and humble mighty Kings,

Why Fate a while the thriving Knaves do's bless,

Batning in ease, and glutted with Succes.

(3) Whilst the Religious seem to starve, and dye
Neglected ev'n by God to whom they fly.

Then may'st thou fathom by what Secret wayes

God from the Noysom Dunghill *Job* could raise,

And *Joseph* from a dismal Dungeon bring

To be the Fav'rite of th' *Ægyptian* King.

It was the time when th' Infant World began,
O're diff'rent climes to spread augmented Man,

(4) The Sons of Men, a bold Gigantic Race,

Their num'rous brood dispers'd in ev'ry place,

Whose fruitful Wives brought them prolific stores,

Besides a teeming Herd of Legal Whores.

But th' Sons of God, and God's peculiar care

Of future Issue languish'd in despair.

Of these the Chief was *Terah*'s eldest Son,

(5) More than the fiery God of *Chaldee* known
In latter Ages, when the Sacred Seed
Branch'd into Kings, and th' Universe o're spread.

Tho' now old *Abram* seem'd exuccous grown,
Tir'd with long expectance of a Son,
And scarce could hope decrepit *Sarab*'s Seed,
Tho' præordain'd, should break the Serpents Head.
But when Omnipotence vouchsafes to try
Its Pow'r, and stretch out's wondrous Arm from
high,

What can't be done? The Barren Womb shall
breed,

And long contracted Ligaments be freed.

In spite of Age shall a Prolific span
Of quickn'd Matter spring into living Man.

However *Sarab* diffident appears
Of Issue, being conscious of her Years,

And

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And thus (as Women wont) her Case laments
With frequent tears, and peevish discontents.

What can a Wretched Woman more perplex

(6) Than to become the scandal of her Sex ?

Lor's numerous Offspring, deck'd in bright Array,
Like little Fawns around their Parents play.

And dowdy *Milcah* boasts no greater Charmes
Than lugging swarthy Brats in circling Armes.

Nay the base Daughters of curs'd *Canaan's* Race,
Encrease their brood, and Multiply apace.

But I — kind Heav'n give me but leave to pray,
Let me with Children be accrû'd, as they.

Yet why should I desp'ond ? Perhaps not I,
But my flow Husband brings this Calumny.

For after cultivating, sweat and toyl,
Not every Seed will grow in every Soil.

The mould perhaps is rich, and Manure Good,
But if the Corn, design'd for future Food,

Has lost its sem'nal Virtue, who can blame
The Ground that did not fructifie the same ?
I've heard my Lord from ancient Records tell,
Records made where Æternal Truth doth dwell,
That God would give by's absolute command
To Him and His, the *Cananean* Land.
But where are *His*? Can the dry shrievel'd Age
Make good what God did promise and presage ?
‘Heav'ns give me Faith ! undoubtedly 'tis true,
‘It shall and will be, tho' I know not how.
So by encountring Winds when Surges rise,
Mountains of Water threat th' impending Skies
Eurus and Zephir, Auster and Boreas meet,
And with tumultuous Waves each other greet.
But if some gentle Showers interpose,
(7) Hast to their Dens and stop their bottles close,
Bottles with Tempests full distended grown,
Dissolve in Calms, and lay their Fury down.

Whence

Book I. *ABRAM IDEIS.* 9

Whence boyst'rous Waves, that roar'd, and
foam'd before,
Softly glide by, and lick the Neigh'b'ring shoar.

Thus murm'ring *Sarah* from Her loud complaint
Began with just Submission to relent,
For why should we reflect on Age, or Youth,
When God ev'n seems to stake, and pawn his truth.

Mean while th' attentive Patriarch by the moan
Of's pensive Consort made the case his own.
But prudently his Passion yet conceal'd,
Hearkening to what th' Omnipotent reveal'd,
When by's determin'd Dictate, and command
He bid him quit's Pater nal Native Land,
Chaldean Ur immediatly forsake
(8) And an unknown, now starving *Canaan* seek.
This made the cautious Patriarch retire,
(9) And pass the Land, as thro' an Ordeal Fire
To *Misraim*'s fruitful Plaines, and watry Nile,
Mother of Plenty and the Crocodile.

Is this the Place (said he) the Promis'd Land,
God for his Servant *Abram* has ordain'd ?

Trees, as soon Flesh ; and, Rocks may generate
Bread,

As this support the numerous promis'd Seed,
Should but one Tribe, as yet in Embryo known,

And that t' Eternal Providence alone,

Invade this Land, if Faith a foresight has,

And can determine such a latent case,

(10) Chams Rivers for one Meal would want
supplies,

Nor would the Milk and Honey ev'n a Day suffice.

Where then's the mighty Blessing by th' Ex-
change ;

In a dispeopl'd Country free to range ?

Here *Gabriel*, clad with Light, from Heav'n
descends,

God's Promise, and unerring Truth defends.

Think'st

Think'st thou (says he) that God, like Man,
can lye?

No, no, 'tis an *Æternal fix'd Decree.*

I present saw th' Almighty *Fiat* giv'n,
And then enrol'd 'mongst the Records of Heav'n.

To Abram and his Seed I'll Canaan give,

There He and They perpetually shall live.

Kings from thy Loynes in numerous Branches
grow,

And Plenty almost troublesome, shall flow:

Riches, and Pow'r, shall as attendants wait,

On thee, vouchsaf'd to be receiv'd, in state,

Good, and yet condescending to be Great.

For tho' o'reflowing *Nile* with generous hand

A Watry tribute spread o're Barren Land.

Tho' Heav'n's Flood-gates open'd should renew

Fresh Rains, or drop down perpetual Dew,

That Land might still of Barrenness complain:

For Sin inflicts the Curse, not want of Rain.

Seeft

See'st thou the Trees stript of their green attire
And sprouting Corn, parch'd as it were with
Fire,

The budding Fruit nip'd in its tender Head,
As from the Barky Womb 't began to spread?
See'st thou the pining Cattle how they creep
Dragging th' unwilling Legs at every step.

To find some Grassie Beds? How they Parole
For watry Comforts to a thirsty Soul!

Yet shall this Land to thee bring plenteous stores,
Prægnant by Heav'ly Dews and frequent
show'rs.

This Barren Earth, unlock'd, yield numerous
Seed,

Which long lay bound in an exuccous Bed.

And the brisk Cattle dance with leaping young

On Grassie plaines to every Rural Song,

Here Thee, and Thine Successively I'll Bless,

Yea superadd — ye shall enjoy no less

Than All, yet not be cloy'd with happiness.

Here

Book I. *ABRAM IDE IS.* 13

Here, altho' not's each Heathen Poet sings,
As if He'd loos'd, and op'd his pinion'd Wings,
And with expanded Armes erect had flown
To Heav'n, to make his Sacred Message known,)
Gabriel ascends before the Throne of God,
Mounting by Thought, and an Impulsive nod,
Or by a Wish, springs to that boundless Place,
Where Omnipresence fills th' interminate space. A
These are fit Works for *Abram's* God to show,
Worthy Divine Omnipotence to do.
For who derides not Peacocks trains extent,
Wafting suspense above the Firmament.

(ii) A God, or Goddess drag'd by simple Doves
Gliding thro' liquid Æther as she moves,
Triumphant, garnish'd with her little Loves ?
Fit trappings for such Deities indeed
But not where great *Jehovah* presses speed,
Gabriel was wing'd by Power, and taught to fly,
By Springs of God's Almighty Energy:

Lea-

Leaving the gazing Patriarch to stare,
And wonder how he went so swift, and where.

After the sacred Messenger retir'd
From executing all commands requir'd :
Th' astonish'd Traveller sought the *Memphian*
Plaines.

A Land enrich'd with Periodic Rains.
Secure from Famine, not secure of Life,
Unless he caution'd's inconsid'rate Wife.
Wherefore he thus with Blandishment, and Art
With *Sarah* pleads impending fears t' avert.

Can'st thou behold my Life a Sacrifice
To those fair blooming Cheeks and charming Eyes?
Can'st thou without remorse thy Consort see
Tortur'd by thy own Beauties Cruelty?
Can'st thou behold my last expiring Breath
Stop'd by thy silent glance? —
Or b' an admiring Prince me glard to Death

In thee, like Rayes descending from the Sun
Kindling most fatal Fire by reflection ?

What means this abrupt Passion ? she replies,
Dost thou suspect my Love ? -- And here she cryes :
Look on this Floud of tears which testifie
Fountains of Love, as well's fidelity :
From the first Fountain of a passionate Heart,
Speaking by Looks, what Words cannot impart.

Oh ! can I dare my dearest Lord betray ?
If undesign'd, curs'd be that fatal Day,
Wherein 'twas said, That by a faithful Wife,
Beauty was deem'd th' o'rebalance of his Life.
Tell me, my Lord, my dubious Confort tell,
From whence these anxious feares, and where
they dwell.

The Fair (sayes he) insensibly can kill,
Dart Deaths, like Cockatrices, as they will.

At

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At least Th' have secret Nets, those dang'rous
Tooles,

To catch the Gaping and Admiring Fools.

Now if thy Charms ensnare the Mighty King
Of goodly *Memphis*, what Peace-offering

But *Abram*'s Life a ransom e're can prove,

To make Atonement for's Compulsive Love?

Poor *Abram* then a Victim needs must dye,

To Beauty, Thee, and *Pharaoh*'s Tyranny.

(13) Say you'r my Sister, as you justly may,

But in Oblivion hide the Marriage-day.

Conceal the Matrimonial Bonds, I'm free,

Concealment gives me Life and Liberty.

Sar.] Silence impos'd on Woman is a Task
Severe, you know; yet I grant all you ask.

No sooner *Sarah* on the Confines came,
But Beauty follow'd close her previous fame.

The

The Sun not half so soon pursues his Rayes
To drive the gloomy Mornings on to Days ;
But with a kind of lazy stretch, and yawn
Seems to survey the World long after dawn ;
(14) As a quick Rumour of this Hebrew Maid
Did the Grand *Pharaonian* Court invade.
A Palace, then Magnificent, and Great,
When even budding Luxury as yet
Few with intemp'rance had debauch'd; when
Pride
Sculk'd in Recesses, sneaking to be hid.
Tho' here barefac'd, and impudent Th' appear,
Driving the swarthy Prince in full carreer.

Carv'd as a Frontispeice on th' outward Gate,
Blind *Adoration* in perfection late.
Who made Religion there a general Trade,
Commanding all th' *Ægyptian* Cavalcade,
King, Nobles, Priests to bend the prostrate Knee
To every Brute, or Root of Sanctity.

But yet this Power quickly enervate grows,
Unless assistant *Folly* interpose,
To help the Zealot empt' himself of Braines
Before H' adore such Gods, as she ordains :

(15) There first appear'd an ugly *Crocodile*,
A Godhead born on th' ancient Sands of *Nile*,
Yet deck'd with all the Pompous Riches! *re*,
The whole *Ægyptian* Land supply'd and more.
Amidst the Court th' Amphibious Deity lay,
Gaping for Adoration which they pay.

Around whose Sacred Hulk stood diff'rent size }
Of almost numberless Quaint Deities : }
More one would think than Folly could devise }
So strange a Thing is Man with Pride erect,
When once the God of *Abram's* Derelict.
On whom th' Old Serpent, worship can obtrude

(16) Of Creeping Gods of's own Similitude
Nay Gods in Bunches from the Gardens sprung,
Who own their very Beings unto the Sun.

These

These were the Garniture of th' outward Courts,
Where every Zealous Votary resorts
To Gaze intense, or for Devotion sake,
(17) Hoping as *Hieroglyphics* they may speak.
To add to whose Immense Magnificence,
Enough alone to make a Petty Prince,
Were Wreaths of Pearles, and Orient Diamonds
spread,

Around this Mob of Stupid Idols Heads.

Next *Ægypt* Dames, to Pride subservient still,
Luxuriant then, and *Prodigal* of Skill,
Had exquisitely fram'd in every Room
Beyond the Power of *Mortlack*'s noble Loom,
Or artifice of Curious Modern Nun,
Such Imagery, and so finely done
That all the Pomp of mighty Treasure there
(18) With this *Pantheon* never could compare.
Ophirian Gold, or sweet *Arabian* spice,
Not more the Miser, or the *Courtly* Nice

Could please, or more design'dly gratifie,
Than Grandeur in that dawn of Luxury
The General World attracted to admire,
And some perhaps as eager to desire.

But still the Greatest Jewel's wanting here,
To add a Lustre to this *Hæmisphære*,
Sarah the Fair above this Treasure's priz'd,
And more perhaps, than the God's, Idoliz'd.
‘ Proud Pharoah came and saw and was undone,
‘ A Secret Flame through's Veins and Marrow run
Whose active Sparks the vital Spirits drove
With a rapacious impetus of Love.
She *must* be his, or else the Monarch Dye,
Love knows no Medium, or indifference,
When once so fair an Object plays her Charmes,
And Reason by a silent Power disarms.
Next He addresses vig'rous but in vain ;
The Wedded Maid resolving to maintain
Copy Her

Her plighted Vows made to her Dearest Lord,
 With little Love-evasions of Her Word,
 Warded the pressing stroakes at first He made,
 By Threats, Her Nuptial Chastity t' invade.

Then, when by Potent Promises He strove
 To gently lead, and whedle Her into Love.

She with disdain refus'd the Rich Decoy,
 Bid *Cupid* throw his glittering Darts away,
 Resume his gaudy presents, for she cou'd
 Not at so low a Price sell *Abram's* Blood.

Mean while the God of *Abram* from above
 Saw the design'd intreague of Lawless Love.
 Therefore with Plagues did *Pharoah's* Court pursue,
Pharoah not conscious whence those Arrows flew.

(19) Hereon a grand Divan in Council sat,
 Magicians, *Flamens*, and *Arch-Flamens* met:
 A goodly Clan of different sort, and size,
 Some *Wise-men* call'd, and some were otherwise.

Arch-*Flamens* the Dull *Crocodile* implore,
Flamens the Dog, the latent cause to explore,
Whence rose this unknown Spring of Miseries;
But the Magicians all consult the Skies,
Or by Prophetick Wand foretell the State,
Strange Revolutions praetordain'd by Fate.
These the Mysterious Punishments unfold,
Wisdom to them peculiar was of old,
By these to *Pharaoh* was th' Arcanum Known,
That banish'd *Sarab* must those Plagues atone.
Forth' Hebrew God around Her Seraphs set
With Flaming Swords to guard the *Abramite*,
Least She by Force, or Charm of Love dispute
The Wife's unspotted Honour prostitute:
Pharaoh incens'd, his Passion cou'dnt forbear;
But by our Sacred *Crocodile*, I swear,
Nought but the Blood of *Abram* shall suffice,
To expiate the Affront, as Sacrifice,

Go

Go call — hold, shall I punish Innocence

For Woman's foolish Politic Offence ?

But why should She the Solemn Contract hide,

And make the Sister covert to the Bride?

Yet go in Peace, go quit th' *Ægyptian* Shoar.

Baulk'd Lust, restrain'd by God, could do no more.

From thence to *Canaan* went the Sacred Pair,

Desponding still of nothing, but an Heir,

For altho' swelt'ring o're the Sultry Plaines,

Of *Jordan's* Land, He captive *Lot* regains,

And sordid with a glorious Dust return'd

Victor of numerous Kings, yet still he mourn'd

Amidst his Trophies, and the Battle won ;

Deeming no Triumph equal to a Son.

'Tis true (says he) God with a lib'ral Hand

Has giv'n me Slaves, and Servants at command,

'Is my Protection, Buckler, and my Shield :

My Bleating Stock augmented loads the Fields,

My bellowing Herds proclaim a Wealthy store,
This generous Land, will scarce suffice for more,
Ten thousand Cattle limit not my Flocks,
Nor Thousands more lying scatter'd o're the Rocks.
Such Showers of Blessings Providence has sent
Enough to bring e'vn Plenty in Contempt,
What then? — I still but wealthy Beggar live,
Where is that Heir th' Almighty said, He'd give:
Large Fields and Herds incessantly to gain,
Makes but a kind of grand Monarchic Swain.
Lord of the Dumb, and Prince of Brutal Race.
Th' industrious Bee such Dignity and Place
Claims, when He trains his little Kingdom thro'
The Whistling Air, and bunches on a bow.
Such Stores as these my Reason but delude,
'Tis Man, 'tis God's conform Similitude,
Sprung from my Loys must yield a true delight,
And please my Soul, as those my Appetite.
For why should Eliezer by my Toil
Reap Profit from my Cultivated Soil?
What

What? Shall a Stranger? One for Wages hir'd,
Bask in my Plenty by the World admir'd?
(20) Why do I Lifeless thrive? —
Could I but see that Happy Glorious Day
Wherein a little *Abramite* did play
With wanton Kids amidst His Father's Hall,
What could I not a Perfect Happ'ness call?
With him the Goats a fragrant smell would yield,
With Him ev'n Asses round th' adjacent Field
A Rural Song to me would seem to Bray,
So it delighted but my little Boy.
God grant me but occasion to be fond:
Th' Almighty promis'd, and I'll not desp'ond.

A Stranger, Sarah crys, our Substance have?
That's fine indeed -- First try th' *Ægyptian* slave,
Half blood is something, tho a Taint it leave.
Hagar perhaps successfully may breed,
As Dirty Manure brings the fruitful Seed.
She's well enough. Go there thy Manhood try,
Few Wives would ever grant such Liberty.

Rather than thou, my dearest Lord, shalt pine
For want of Issue, take thy Concubine,
But let thine Heart, thy Love b' entirely mine.

Th' unwilling Grant no sooner *Sarah* signes
But the old Hero girt up's vig'rous Loyns
To the Recesses of the silent Rooms
Chambers of Love, full fraught with Passion comes.
But what he did my modest Muse ne'er knew,
Tho' She remember from that interview,
Before the Fiery Racers of the Sun
Through the twelve Signs their annual Course
had run,
She thinks, about the time when *Capricorn*
Ascended with the Sun, a Boy was Born.
Whose joyful Birth the murmur'ring Conforts pleas'd
A while, but Their Impatience never eas'd.
Tis teeming *Sarah* must the Plaints allay,
And totally the Grumbling take away.

Thus

Thus when a Feavour Fires the Sanguine Mass,
A scorching Heat dries the retorrid Jaws.
And Man in Flames passes the sluggish Night,
(21) Whose Life's no Breathing but a burning
Light.
Which, tho' with Water you're first fury tame,
Yet more reverberates th' increasing Flame,
Thus to the Patriarchal Pair, the Boy
Brought but a languid faint imperfect Joy ;
And Envy did but stimulate the Saints
Into more loud and Passionate Complaints,
To see the fertile Slave in triumph ride,
And Haught it o're the Barren Womb with Pride.
'Can Heav'n tamely suffer this, says She,
'Must I be Slave to Slaves, and Infamy ?
Here a bright Cloud the Anxious Pair sur-
rounds
And flashing Lightning from the Flour rebounds.'

Large

Large Flakes of Fire, yet like a Lambent Flame.
Harmless, tho' from its sides impetuous, came.
Then on a sodain Rent behind their Backs
With gaping Caverns a vast Mountain Cracks,
And peales of Thunder through the *Hæmisphære*,
Spake and foretold th' approaching God, head
near.
At last dismantled of His terrors stood
God, and vouchsaf'd to talk with Flesh and Blood.
Here Abram humbly bowing, Kiss'd the
Ground
Whilst God was pleas'd to use artic'lare Sound.
What? not believe? when by my self I swear,
Sarah, shall bring forth the desponded Heir.
From Thee and Her shall mighty Nations rise,
Arabian Sands, or Stars within my Skies
Arithmetick may count, but Abram's Race
Shall bring ev'n Numeration in Disgrace.
My

My Servile Sun the next approaching Year
Shall in the self same Zodiac Sign appear,
Wherein it now revolves so swiftly round,
And heat and light diffuses o're the Ground.
When prægnant Sarah shall an *Isaac* bring,
Father of Kings, tho' not himself a King,
Him the first Stem of all thy Progeny
In Blessing I will bless and multiply,
Nay ev'n Thine *Ishmael* shall lift up his Head,
Altho' on a wild stock a Cyon bred,
And in twelve large extended Branches spread.
But with thy Son, *Isaac* thine only Son,
Will I confirm the Covenant I begun
With Thee, the general Circumcision Sign'd,
(22) That outward Type of a Spiritual Mind.

FIE T, BELIEVE — — — — — As thus th' *A*ternal spake
Humane, the Grumbling Earth began to shake. of T
Within its Bowels raging uncontroll'd, vifnific
Nitre Inflam'd with Luctant Sulphur roll'd.

Then

Then by an Earthquake, joyn'd with Hazy Dew,
They knew th' Almighty Cov'nanter withdrew.

But least the Patriarchs staggering Faith should
fail,

God Labours to convince Him and prevail.

So condescends to visit him again,

As He sate basking on th' Mamrean plain

For from his Orb now the Meridian Sun,

To send down pointed sultry Beams begun,

And dart his Rayes over the vast expanse

Direct, the mornings gentler Heat, t' enhanse.

When sudainly not far from Abram stood,

Three Men, or Angels cloath'd in Flesh and
Blood.

For whether the Angelic Nature's known

T' assume the Vehicles of Flesh and Bone,

To make their Immortal Entities

Distinctly visible to Human Eyes,

Or whether Matter be their natural Frame,
My Muse shall not dispute, 'tis all the same,
As Men they all appear'd, as Men they came.

But faithful *Abram* bow'ds submissive Knee,

(23) To the Triune — Arcane — Divinity,

Which under Covert then of Matter lay,

And He by th' Eyes of *Faith*, not *Body* saw.

Then for the Men a Calf's prepar'd for Food,

But a constructive Sacrifice to God,

Who here again plights his *Æternal* Word,

Seems Sedulous, as the Almighty Lord,

T' extort a Faith, and plead in's own defence

The Works, and Wonders of Omnipotence.

Will you not yet believe ? Behold 'tis I

Unlock the Watry Treasures of the Skie.

(24) Super-œlestial Fountains I retain

To sprinkle th' Earth with various Shapes of

Rain,

Some-

Sometimes, as freed from a coercive Jayl,
With clatter'ring noise I pour down Conic Hail.

Sometimes a Fleece of silent Waters fall,
And brooding sit o're every Hill and Dale.

By me let loose, rage the tempestuous Stormes;

(15) And th' angry Ocean Azure flashings
formes.

Dread Thunder by my Power proclaims aloud
Its freedom, ranging from th' Impris'ning Cloud.
Lightning by me shines with tremendous flame,
And sinks absorpt Invisible again.

These I let loose, and when I please, I bind,
By me they rest, by me reign unconfin'd.

The Sons of Men, if I Heav'ns Bottles stay,
Slumber in Peace, and laugh their Days away.

But if my Flood-gates warn the impious World,
With Tempests joyn'd, All in confusion's hurl'd.

Mountains of Waves from the vast deep Abyss
Lift up their Heads, and scornful seem to rise

Low

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Low Alps, or th' Humble Tenariff to view,
And spread their Watry Mantles o're the Earth
anew,
As if a Second Deluge they design'd,
By Violence Elementary combin'd.
When I my Pow'r by an Outstretched Arm
Exert, and stupid Consciences alarm,
Taught by my terrors Men awake, and strive
With hast t' Obey, and eagerness, believe:
Here the Dumb Elements, a Faith infuse
And a Conviction ev'n an Heathen shews.
But you — strange diffidence ! how monstrous
strange
Are Man's conceptions and how giv'n to Change !
When His weak understanding seems to stretch
It self, and grasp at Knowledge 't cannot reach.
When He attempts impatiently to find
How, and which way works the *Almighty Mind.*
Once more, I say, *Sarah shall bear a Child*
Here with a Tacit scorn the Consort smild.

‘*Abram’s a Youth, a vigorous Youth indeed,*
‘*Fit to get Sons, as Sarah is to breed.*
‘*Ninetyne Years ! I’st possible (says she)*
‘*Within her self) by my fertility*
‘*Gleanings of Pleasure now should stock the Land,*
‘*And those too drop’d by a Decrepit hand,*
‘*On a dry Ground, should bring a plenteous store,*
‘*When a large Granary would not before ?*
‘*Tho’t might be hop’d, th’ Inclosure yet untill’d,*
‘*And new broke up, a fruitful Crop might yield*
‘*In former Days, to grace the spacious Field.*

Why didst Thou Laugh ? reply’d th’ Angelic
Man, Dar’st thou receive my Favours with disdain ?
Is any thing too difficult for me
Who in a Balance weigh the Earth and Sea ?

The trembling Female th’ insolence deny’d,
Believ’d, and probably relenting cry’d.

For Womens Tears oft a Conviction prove,
Those plyant Engines of Their Hate and Love,
Extort Confession, which they would Conceal,
And 'gainst their Wills, some Secrets do reveal,

Now since thou know'st, says th' Angel,
Pow'r will come,

Infallibly t' impregnate Sarah's Womb,
Descendant from th' Imperial Throne on high
Where sits the Great Three-One invisibly,
What can I hide from *Abraham* my Friend ?
Vast Love ! God should so strangely condescend
T' unlock the Archives of præfix'd Decrees,
Disclose to Man *Eternal Purposes*.

‘ *Sodom* no longer shall for Vengeance cry,
‘ Nor yet *Gomorrah*'s Sins invade the Skie.
‘ Both Proud, and both Lasciviously inflam'd,
‘ In Invers'd Nature's Pleasures reign untam'd.

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'So as in Lust They Burn, 'tis fit Th' expire
'In some continued expiatory Fire.
'Too big, too insolent for Mercy grown,
'By Violence They pull my Vengeance down.

First, give me leave, altho' Their Sins are
great,
Says Abram, humbly to Expostulate.
Sodom perhaps has *Fifty* Righteous Souls,
Untaint, whom no unnatural Folly rules.
Now shall these *Fifty* feel thy angry Rod,
And bear with Miscreants vile an equal load
Of dire Afflictions? Far be that from God!
Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?
Will Providence afflict a Proselyte?

Fifty Just Men of *Sodomitic* Race,
Shall Ransom All, and save th' opprobrious
place.
But what if all but *Forty* stand convict?
Wilt thou Promiscuous Punishment inflict?

Shall

Shall goodly Cedars that have long withstood
Satanic Shocks, be burn'd with common Wood?

Forty Just Men my Favour shall deserve,

And th' ignominous relique Croud preserve.

Forgive me, Lord, m' uncautious Zeal forgive,
Perhaps but *Thirty* may deserve to live,
Wilt Thou the Guiltless not Commiserate,
But undistinguish'd sink in Common Fate?

Thirty good Men shall full Atonement make,

And I'll that innocent Peace-offering take,

Grant, Lord, That *Twenty* never bow'd the

Knee

To Heathen Gods, or viler Infamy.

Shall those pursued, like rav'ous Beasts of Prey,

Dye by thy Hand, crush'd in one fatal Day,

Because the other Herd has gon astray?

If only *Twenty* Righteous there reside,

I'll lay my Darts and Thunder-bolts aside.

Once more — Oh! Let thine Indignation cease,

And never more I'll plead for Sodom's Peace.

Suppose but *Ten*, unspotted, uncorrupt,
Who, tho' the Course of Nature interrupt,
(26) Bring on their Heads the World in pieces
rent,

Can bear the mighty Ruines with Contempt,
Because their Innocence doth Safeguard yield,
Virtues their armour, and Thy Grace, Their
Shield.

Shall such as these amongst the Publick Mass,
Rubbish of Men compild, neglected pass ?
Have their Bloods joynly unregarded spilt ?
Share equal Punishment, not equal Guilt ?

Ten such shall Merit all that you can crave,
And *Sodom* ev'n against Reluctant Justice lave.
•Twas now the time when *Sol*, as Poets say,
In lengthned Shades mark'd out declining Day,
Hastning to hide his Head in Western Deep,
And careful Swaines led Bleating Flocks to sleep.
In short, 'twas just Sun-set, when near the Town,
The Omnipræsent sent his Angels down,

From

From Heav'n, to search for latent Votaries
Whose number Supposition now supplies.
For *Lot* was th' only Pious Relict there,
(27) Numberless one, and God's appropriate
Care.
Who the Cælestial Messengers receiv'd
Benign, and wondrous Bountiful reliev'd.
But oh! What a prodigious Monste'r Man?
What dares he not attempt, or not maintain?
Govern'd by's own Imperious Will? That Elf,
That strange ungovernable thing, *Himself*;
The Pious Host an Hospitable Feast,
No sooner had prepar'd for's Sacred Guests,
But *Satan*, envious *Lot* triumph'd alone,
And scorn'd the Pow'r of his Infernal Throne,
Amongst that Tribe whom He esteem'd his own
Summons a Spright from the *Tartarean Vale*,
To trouble and Molest their quiet Carnival.

Go my Dear LUST (says he) all wrapt in fire
Extracted from unnatural Desire.
The Sons of Sodom's Inclinations move
With vile Amours, and strange irreg'lar Love.
From Hells discordant Principles derive,
Philter's, which wrack'd Invention can't contrive.
First on the Female Sex some sparks bestow,
But with a Flame remiss let Passion glow.
Not to intense Degrees, but to Create,
Sufficient to deserve their Husbands Hate.
Next, if their Face, that Charming Bait of Love,
Too strong for thy well meaning Malice prove,
Cast but a mist of Fears and Jealousies
Rais'd from some Smoak, before th' inveigling
Eyes,
Success shall wait thy Hell-contriv'd Design,
And plodding *Lot* His splendid Guests Resign.
Then o're the Men a comely Curtain draw
To hide deformities, and every flaw

That

That may averteness breed, and Screen the Face
From roughness, where they want a Manly Grace
To recommend a lovely Shape and Mein,
Above the fairest *Cananean Queen*.
This done, bid sounding *Fame* a rumour spread,
Which gaping Fools with empty Shades does feed,
And Vaunt among the *Sodomitic Tribes*,
The *Haranite* such Glorious Beauties hides.

As soon as His Satanic Majesty
Had giv'n the Charge, *Lust* flew, or seem'd to fly
So Joyful of this Impious Embassy.
Wings She had none, but mounted up by Sparks
Of Fire, that glimmer'd in the gloomy Dark.
From the Sulphureous Lake with vigour sprung,
Leap'd as a Goat, and as she mounted, Sung,
For am'rous Verses round her Shoulders hung.
These Her first Darts she shoots at Loving Fools
To burn, or Poyson their uncautious Souls.

But

But if the pleasant Sounding Battery fail,
Languishing looks, and sparkling Eyes prevail,
Methinks (says she) with pleasant Scorn I view,
The panting Am'rist change a cheerful Hue,
Me to the height of Raptures to enjoy,
The with a Shady *Phanteon* I but cloy.
Sometimes, I own, a Pious Parents Care,
And solid Virtue, stops my full carrear,
Yet these, to *Bacchus* if I can confign,
(Ev'n Sober *Lot* shall know the Power of Wine.)
All things Redoubl'd distorted Senses see,
And every nasty drab has Gallantry.
Nay here I manage closely, and pres' home,
For *manly Kisses* oft repass the Room.
The Jolly God stim'lates a wrong desire,
And to my Hearts Delight augments th' unlawful
fire,
These are the Ways, which I secure to sin,
By which I let th' Incarnate Devil in,

Who

Who once Posseſ'd, commands without controul,
And to all Shapes moulds the compliant Soul.
Men, Beasts, and Women, with my Trappings
dref'sd, ~~to garnish wth babirous dresſeſ~~ seem
Seem worthy to be eagerly carref'sd.
Again, where Modesty grows obstinate,
And won't submit to me at any rate,
I draw the Sable Curtains of the Night,
To hide their Shame, and cover their Delight.

Thus spake the Fiend : The Twilight, just be-
gun,
With hastning Shades pursu'd the banish'd Sun,
The fluttring *Batts*, and *Owls* exert their flight
Around the Verge of just-extinguish'd Light
When she ascended *Sodom*'s lofty Towers,
Survey'd the Town, and spread her Am'rous
Powers.

Phæbus not half so soon dispenses Rays
As She infection scatter'd every ways. Which

Which with Base Freedom poyson'd first their
wills, ~~and~~ ~~abstain~~ ~~and~~ ~~quarrel~~ ~~in~~ ~~of~~ ~~but~~
Unlimited, and next their Reason Kills. ~~and~~ ~~and~~
The *Youth* protruded by a spring of Lust. ~~and~~ ~~and~~
Sought manly Charmes with an Impetuous Gust,
Ev'n Driv'ling Age aim'd at th' unnatural Ill, ~~and~~ ~~and~~
But the stiff Limbs o'reclog'd the forward will.
How'ere both Young and Old surround the place,
One able, th' other willing to be base, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
Where *Harans* Son, repos'd in private liv'd,
Secure of's Heav'nly Charge, as He believ'd.
When on a suddain a loud Tempest Grew,
BRING OUT YOUR BEAUTIES roar'd th' ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
outragious Crew. ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
Shall strangers in our Sodom domineer? ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
By all the Gods of Canaan we swear ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
Thy Life before the next approaching Day ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
For this Contempt shall Satisfaction pay.
Here are my Daughters, says the *Haranite*,
Cannot these please th' Infatiate Appetite? ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

Wo-

‘ Women to us? what means the Doating fool?
‘ Bring out the Men — Who gave Thee leave to
rule? —
As soon’s th’ Angelic Pair discharg’d their trust
From that Enormous Calenture of Lust,
(For God foreknew the Storm that would arise
On Lot, so bid them safe-secure the Prize.)
‘ Let them, (say they) in darkness strive to find
‘ Groping with Eyes, as well as Reason Blind,
‘ Those Am’rous Objects they so earnest long,
‘ And passionately deviate in the wrong.

The Punishment no sooner was rehears’d
But a thick Darkness ev’ry one dispers’d,
Tough Films the Visive Organs did enfold,
And the blind Orbita in their Channels roll’d.
No longer conscious of a grateful Light,
But close envelop’d with perpetual Night.

Yet

Yet God incens'd to that immense Degree,
Just in his Works, ev'n just in Clemency,
Could not th' unmanagable Villains spare
But *Sodom* Greater Punishment must bear.
Therefore he Summons by's Almighty Nod
Th' Impetuous Elements from their abode.
Lightning and Thunder mix'd with sulphurous
Fire,
And Flames Pyramidal ascending Spire,
With fat Bituminous concretions joyn'd,
Fit Mass for th' Execution then design'd.
Temper'd together God on *Sodom* rain'd
With, worse than all th' Ingredients, wrath
Divine
And thus Proud *Sodom* fell —
Justice and Mercy bear the Scales of Heav'n,
From all Eternity ordain'd and giv'n.
To keep the Balance of the World aright,
And distribute to Man proportion'd weight.

If Severe Justice Crimes exaggerates,
Mercy the Counterpoise præponderates.
But if the latter's made contemptuous, light,
The former adds a pressing double weight. (84)

Justice a Flaming Sword extends erect,
Th' impenitent Audacious to correct.
Yet if Repentant, Mercy sheathes the Blade
Pours Oyl into the Wounds the Sword has made.
But if still hardi'd, then the severest hand
Cuts Root and Branch, from off th' encumber'd
Land. Thus far'd it, when it was over *Sodom* stretch'dly
Lame, but sure, Punishment the sinners reach'd,
For Heav'n Affronts, and Injuries may forgive,
But can't forget, whilst the Offender's live
Who ev'n from Pardon do new Crimes Create,
And with a barefac'd Impudence repeat.
The afflicting Rod perhaps may scourge the third
Successive Peccant lineage as the Sword,

But

But to the Good, Mercy no limits knows,
Profuse to thousands Generations Flows
For all his Promises are fix'd Decrees,
(28) Determin'd *Amens* and Eternal *Yea's*.
Th' Omniscient may himself forget, as soon
As Bury the Righteous in Oblivion.
Nor will his wrath forget the Reprobate,
Whom certain Punishment o'retakes, tho' late:
Fix'd on this Basis of Unerring Truth,
The Patriarch now expects the Promis'd Youth.
For *Phœbus* just his Annual Course had run,
Measur'd his distance, from the Month begun,
In which last Year with fiery Charioteers
He drove on time aloft th' Eternal Sphæres.
Now, as his Faith firm, and unshaken stood,
So the *Immutable* made's Promise Good.
For *Sarah* now a smiling Present sent,
After She'd dres'd, and kiss'd the Innocent;

Book I. *ABRAM IDEIS.*

49

In's Fathers Bosom close caress'd to lye,
And plead with looks, and little wanton Eye,
For Blessings, such as Fathers us'd to give;
The First: *God grant mine Isaac long to live.*

But tho' my Providential Gift displays
His silent Charmes, and numbers on his Days,
Yet ne're (says he) let th' Covenant evade
My Memory, with th' Almighty Donor made.
No Firstling of the Sheep, or Goates I'll take,
But Fore-skin Offering is the first I'll make.
So when the Sun had pass'd his diurnal Race
Eight times around the circum-ambient Space
Which lies, to us invisible, above
Extended wide, encircling th' Earthly Globe.
Th' Obedient Patriarch circumcis'd the Child,
Severe the Fact, but in Obedience, mild.

Next to compleat the Joy, a splendid Feast,
At *Isaac's* weaning liberal *Abram* dress'd.

Six Oxen from th' adjacent Stalls are brought,
Wadling under the weight of Lazy Fat.
Then Fifty Sheep, all Firstlings of the Flock,
Goodly and plump, fell by the fatal stroke ;
Choice Lambs, and Kids more than an Hundred slain
Sweltring in Blood lay dead upon the plain.
Besides from th' Scaly Kingdom vast supplies,
Tributes of *Jordan*, or the Neighb'ring Seas.
Besides a Thousand of the Feather'd Race,
Pomp of the Feast, and Ornamental Grace.
For these in Antient Days to staple Food
A kind of Garniture were understood.
But who can Admiration hold to see
The various Implements of Luxury.
Hear one before the Spits with trickling Sweat
In Consort drips, scorch'd with incessant Heat.
Another by the Cauldron plac'd turmoyls,
As that with Fire, so He with Passion boyls.
A Third from out the Fiery Caverns brings,
Large Cakes, and Pyes, Regalio's fit for Kings.

But

But now the chiefest Complement, and Grace
Tho' but th' Appendix to a Feast, they place
Goblets of Massy Gold, and Silver bright,
On every Table, dispos'd Tripartite.
Each end and middle with equal splendour shone,
Admir'd by many, but outdone by none.
On which emboss'd the two First sinful Pair
Beneath a Tree their Tacit Grief declare.
Grav'd on another finely seem'd to be,
Perhaps old Grandsire *Noah's* Legacy,
A Tower half finish'd 'midst a shaded Flood,
And stragling Men, gaping to b' understood.
To crown the feast twelve mouldy hogsheads found
Full of Rich Wine, securely under Ground
Reposited, 'tis thought, by *Lamech's* Son,
When to press Grapes from Vineyards he begun.
Besides *Lot's* noble Present from the Vine
Of several Buts of most delicious Wine,
Vast Stores of *Abram's* unexhausted Wealth,
Loaded the frequent Cups to *Isaac's* Health.

Yet Plenty's with this Grandeur and array
Scarce thought sufficient for so great a Day.

Nor was less Sarah's Pride, than Abram's Joy
She hug'd, admir'd, and dane'd the gazing Boy.
See how his Lips (says she) like Rubies shine,
Methinks there's something in him looks Divine.
What graceful Forehead? and what sparkling eyes?
These Rosie Cheeks out-vie the Morning Skies.
Strangely like me, when I was young he grows,
Except his Father's Exemplary Nose:
Where's Hagar and Her bawling Bantlin now?
My Isaac never shall to Ishmael bow.
Nor shall the Lad partite Division have;
Inheritance belongs not to a slave.
Let 'em be gone.

The little Fondling thus the Passions move,
Thus Women prate and tattle o're their Love.

Which Heav'n itself seems careful to ordain,
Else the Dumb Infant Speechless might remain
Unless some Glib-tong'd Nurse or Mother make
The Reas'ning Engine b' imitation speak.
However *Abram* with Reluctance pleads
And Tears unwarily, like Doating, sheds.
For little *Ishmael* had engag'd his Heart,
Whilst no Competitor yet claim'd a part.

Why must th' Ejected Concubine be gone ?
Is it a fault she bore a lovely Son ?
If so, Consent declares the Fault's your own.
Who but one void of Reason can resent
Inj'ries done b' obsequious Instrument.
Whom He compel'd t' obey's imperious Will,
And act what He commanded to fulfil ?
But suppose *Hagar* has offended, why
Must the poor Innocent repine, and dye ?
To Salvage Beasts expos'd a Guiltless Prey,
Wandring Bewilder'd in some Pathless way

Thro' Shady Desarts, or o're craggy Hills,
Where some old Serpent undiscover'd fills
The crooked Caverns of the Rocky place,
And stragling Lad improvident, may seize ;
But if this Hazardous Fatigue H' avoid,
And not by Serpents, or by Beasts destroy'd,
Sure fate attends him o're the parched Sands,
Beersheba's Wilderness, and Barren Lands.
Doom'd to two sad extremes of Misery,
Hard Choice ! By Famine, or by Thirst to dye.

Here Sarah — Arguments to me are vain,
My Will's, my Reason, and my Reason's plain.
Why must we both a base Co-partner joyn,
Now Isaac's born sole Heir to thee and thine?

The Sentence pass'd, irrevocable stood
And ev'n th' Allwise confirm'd the sentence
Good.

The End of the First Book.

OBSEVATIONS ON THE First BOOK.

(1) **B**egan to Brood. *Spiritus Dei incubabat, &c.* says Junius and Tremellius in their Notes on the first Chap. of Genesis, which at first gave me Ground for this Expression, and I don't doubt but it might do the same to Mr. John Milton who lib. 1. of his Book call'd PARADISE LOST describes the Holy Spirit, who

With mighty Wings outspread
Dove like, sate Brooding on the vast Abyss
And made it Prægnant —

And again — On the Watry calme.

His Brooding Wings the Spirit of God Out-spread. lib. 7.

It being a very Natural Expression where any thing is said to lay gently on, and keep it warm, as an Hen Her Chicken; tho' sometimes it means only to cover, as gently lying on, as

— Ponto nox incubat atra. Virg.

(2) Supporting Air — The Common Opinion of Ancient Philosophers was that the Sun mov'd round the Earth, as a fixed Center, but the Modern upon more rational Grounds hold that the Earth moves and the Sun stand's still. There being in Nature no such thing as Gravity or Levity absolutely, but only respectively consider'd, and High and Low are only relative Termes upon the same Foundation, so that to answer the Opinion of these latter, I take the Earth as imagined to roll o're the Air, as its Basis. —

(3) Whilst the Religious — God Almighty's particular Care and Providence over some Men, was formerly, and ever will be a stumbling Block, to the Opinion (I cannot call it Reason) of Divers People in the World, who willingly enough allow a General Providence over all the Affairs of Mankind. As that the Sun shines equally on the Good and Bad, &c. And that there is as it were, a constant Chain and Circulation of Things in the World by God's Original Eternal Decree, by which it is preserv'd in a Regular Course of Being, and that if any Particular Man happens to be so lucky to commit an Act coincident with that common Chain of Causes God has commanded to Operate at that time, he is successful, otherwise not. But did these Men not too much confide in their Suppositious Reason above the Scripture, and consider the end of those thriving Knaves, they would questionless recant their Opinion, and say as David did Psalm 73. That they are set in slippery places, and will be brought to desolation in a Moment.

(4) The

(4) The Sons of God — Moses says Gen. 6. v. 2. *And the Sons of God saw the Daughters of Men.* — Which Text many have screwed to prove Præ-Adamites, but because the Common Vogue of Interpreters denote it only to signify the curs'd Race of Cain by the Sons of Men, and the Holy Seed by the Sons of God, I wave farther Scrutiny in the Matter. And I take many of that Race to be Giants, because v. 4. It is said. — And there were Giants in those Days and also after that, when the Sons of God came into the Daughters of Men, &c.

(5) The fiery God of Chaldee — The Chaldeans worshipped Fire as a God, which was call'd Ur, and very frequently Ur of Chaldea, to distinguish it, as suppos'd, from Ur, or Uz mentioned Job 1. another place in Arabia. From the Name of this Idol the City Ur was called, and the God of Nahor Gen. 31. 53. is Generally thought be no other, vid cap. I. lib. 4 of Godwin's Jewish Antiquities. —

(6) Scandal of Her Sex — That Barrenness amongst the Jews was such, is so evident by Scripture and that the Woman who was reputed Barren, if she conceived, and bare a Child, publish'd it amongst all the Kindred to congratulate and rejoice with Her as Sarah says upon Her delivery of Isaac, God hath made me to Laugh, so that all that hear me will Laugh with me, Gen. 21. v. 6. So Rachel, Gen. 30. v. 23. says, when she bare Joseph, after many Years reputed barren, God hath taken away my Reproach. So Elizabeth, Luke 1. v. 25. God hath dealt with me thus in the Days wherein he look'd

look'd on me, to take away my Reproach amongst Men.

(7) Stop the Bottles close! — Job's History is accounted a noble piece of Poetry, and full of lofty expressions, amongst which He uses this Phrase, alluding to the Waters in the Clouds. Who can number the Clouds in Wisdom? and who can stay the Bottles of Heaven? Job. 38. v. 37. So the Heathen Poet — Plenos & tempestatibus utres. Juv. Sat. xv.

Again, ————— Auster.

Dum sedet & siccet madidas in carcere pennas.

Sat. v.

Again, ————— Aeolio nunquam hoc incarcere passos.

Juv. Sat. x.

Again, ————— Illa se jactet in Aula

Aeolus, & clauso Ventorum carcere Regnet.

Virg. En. i.

(8) Now starving Canaan seek — When Abram was commanded by God to leave his own native Country Chaldea, and go into Canaan. It is said, That there was a Famine in the Land, so Abram went down to Egypt to sojourn there, for the Famine was grievous in the Land. Gen. c. 12. v. 10, Which may be a good Suggestion enough to the Poet for making complaint of his Misfortune of being commanded from a plentiful Country to inhabit one distressed so with Famine, tho' it was still a great Argument of his Faith, that notwithstanding that great Difficulty be met with; God would some way or other provide for him and his Family. And therefore he is said

(9) To

(9) To pass the Land, as thro' an Ordeal Fire,

— Of which Tryal by Fire we have an Account in ancient Histories, which say Queen Emma, a Saxon Queen being suspected to have been Lewd with a certain Bishop, or Arch Bishop at that time, was by her Husband King Alfred compelled to pass over six red hot Culters or Bars of Iron barefoot, and blinded; which if she did unhurt (as she did) her Innocence was proved. This manner of Tryal by Fire, denominated it an Ordeal Fire. — From the Saxon Word Or, Great, and Deal Judgment.

(10) Cham's Rivers &c. — The Land of Canaan took not its Name from Cain, Adam's Son, as some may imagine, but from Ham or Cham the Son of Noah, who is therefore call'd the Father of Canaan, Gen. 9. v. 8. that is, Father of a People called Canaanites, whom Noah cursed for uncovering his Nakedness after he had been Drunk with Wine, and made him Servant to his Brethren. Thus Juvenal relating to Xerxes's great Army. —

— Credimus altos

Defecisse amnes, epotaq; flumina Medo
Prandente — Sat. x.

(11) A God? or Goddes drag'd by simple Doves
Gliding thro' liquid Æther, &c. — The Fictions of Heathen Poets were, That Jupiter, chief of their Gods was carried thro' the Heavens, or descended thro' the Air by Peacocks, and Venus by Doves, whenever they appeared to Mankind, and by Reason the Motion of an Angel must in reality be supposed far more infinitely swif-

swifter than either of those Birds can be imagined to fly, I thought in Christian Poetry that they ought to be ridicul'd, using the Word Gliding, which in the English Tongue comes the nearest in my Opinion to Virgil's radit, as when he speaks of a Pigeon flying thro' the Air with extended Wings.

Radit iter liquidem, celeres neq; commovet alas.
Which Mr. Milton imitates in a parallel Expression

Now Shaves with level'd Wing the Deep. lib. 2.
Which in another Man perhaps would have been carp'd at, and altho' it is a very good figurative Expression in the Latine, yet might be thought too great a stretch so Angliciz'd.

(13) Say you're my Sister as you justly may.—
It was a very familiar Custom amongst the Jews to call those of the same Family Brothers and Sisters, as Lot and Abram, are said to be Brethren. Let there be no strife between Thee and Me, &c. for we are Brethren. i.e. Very near a Kin, Gen. 13. v. 8. For Lot was really Abram's Nephew, being the Son of his deceased Brother Haran, c. 11. v. 31. Thus Sarah or Sarai being the Daughter of Haran, Abram's Brother, was properly his Niece; it being not only Lawful, but generally commanded in those times to marry the nearest, or some of the nearest of Kin.

(14) This Hebrew Maid. — I have presumed here, and in other places to give her the Name of Maid, because she was yet undiscovered by the Egyptians to be Abraham's Wife, therefore by them sup-

suppos'd to be such, and the Text says, c. 12. That she was very Fair, v. 11. 14.

(15) *An ugly Crocodile. — It is very notorious that the old Egyptians worshipped the Crocodile amongst several other Gods which they made to themselves, as Dogs, Serpents, &c. Therefore Juvenal calls it mad Egypt.*

Qualia Demens.

*Ægyptus portenta colat, Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc: Illa pavet saturum serpentibus Ibit,*

(16) *Oppida tota Canem Venerantur, nemo
Dianam.*

Sat. xv.

Porrum & Cæpe nefas violare. —

(17) — *Hieroglyphicks speak — These were certain Images set on peculiar places to signify Things or Representations of Virtues sometimes, which when a Spectator beheld he might by interpretation of the Design of setting up the the said Images, conjecture the Reason of their frame, figure, or Being in such a place, or the like. The Word from the Greek denotes Holy, or Sacred Sculptures, thus a Dog, represented Watchfulness, a Bull Strength, &c. In Magdalen Colledge in Oxford are many Sculptures of the like Nature.*

(18) — *This Pantheon never could compare — The Prophet Ezekiel describes certain Chambers of Imagery, c. 8. wherein all forms of Creeping things were pourtray'd upon the Walls, which*

which may be calld their Paitheon, says Mr. Godwin, lib. 4. c. 2. of his Jewish Antiquities. And these Chambers of Imagery the Prophet ubraids the Jews with, as an Abomination, and Idolatrous, for every form of Creeping Things, and abominable Beasts, and all the Idols of the House of Israel were pourtrayed on the Walls, v. 10. which perhaps was an Idolatry learned from Ægypt, at least from the Comparison of the Ægyptian Idolatry, urg'd against the Jews, as great folly and madness. And the Ægyptians may very reasonably be suppos'd to have such Chambers of Imagery in great Veneration and Esteem.

(19) *Divan* in Council sate. — *Divan* is properly a word used for a general Council of the Estates in Turkey, like our Parliaments, to debate the Affairs of the Empire, wherein are suppos'd to be Divers Priests, call'd in latter Days by the Romans, *Flamens*.

(20) *Lifeless* thrive — Amongst the Jewish Interpreters there is a three-fold Interpretation of these Words, That Soul shall be cut off from Israel, *Exod. 12-15.* As 1. By an untimely Death: 2. From his Heavenly Inheritance: 3. To Dye without Children. vid. Godwin l. 3. c. 4. To which purpose there is a Proverb — A Man Child-less is Life-less, which is suppos'd to trouble Abraham, as much, as the two former would have done, unless Faith had curb'd his Passionate Complaint.

(21) No

(21) No Breathing — Light. Thus Virg. Aenead. I. 3. calls Life, (says Servius,) Spirabile Lumen; Tho' others interpret it, the Air mixed or penetrated with Light which we Breath, either of which Interpretations justifies the propriety of the expression here.

(22) The outward Type, &c. called the Circumcision of the Flesh made by Hands, Ephes. 2. v. 11. Rom. 2. v. 28. But there is another Circumcision mentioned, v. 29. which is that of the Heart, in the Spirit, and not in the letter, Represented by that Covenant of the Fore-skin.

(23) Triune — Arcane — Divinity. It is the Opinion of most Commentators that God Almighty himself appeared to Abraham representing the Trinity by three Persons of Angels, because Abraham frequently uses the Word Lord to them all. Gen. c. 17.

(24) Supercælestial Fountains — Although the Waters which are lodged in the Clouds may be called Supercælestial: Yet it is beyond doubt that there are Waters above the Firmament, Gen. 1.

(25) Ocean Azure flashing formes — It is a very common Observation of Seamen in a raging Tempestuous Sea, That the Waves by violent incursion on each other form a kind of Livid Flame.

(26) World in pieces rent — This is the the Character of a Just Honest Man described by Horace. —

— Si fractus illabatur Orbis
Impavidum ferient Ruina. lib. 3.

(27) Num-

(27) Numberless One — God Almighty knew there was but one Righteous Man, viz. Lot in Sodom, though Abraham supposed there were more. Who being but One is called Numberless, according to the Philosophical Explanation, *Unitas est principium numeri, & non numerus*, implying number properly to signify more than one. A controverſie, whether right or wrong, not fit to be canvass'd here.

(28) Determined Amens and Eternal Yeas. — For all the Promises of God in him are Yes, and in him Amen, 1. Cor. 1. v. 20. That is so unalterable that they will come to pass as certain, as if they were done in the time present, and positively performed, as immutable as his own Nature.

Abra-

Abramideis.

BOOK. II.

The ARGUMENT.

Hagar by a Dream is forewarned of being turn'd out of Doors with Her Son, which She communicates to Her Maid. Who tells Her the Vanity of Dreams, and how little They are to be confid'd in. Whilst they were thus arguing between themselves Abraham comes to Her, and brings Her the News, That She and Her Son must unavoidably depart, whereupon she is confirm'd in the Truth of Her Dream, believing it reveal'd to Her from God, and so departs towards the Wilderness of Beersheba, which is there describ'd. Here Ishmael complains to his Mother, That he is ready to dye for want of Water to Quench his Thirst, who almost despairing of the Life of Her Son, casts him under a Shrub, because She would not see him dye. Then Prays to God to send Water to Her and Her Son's Relief. An Angel descends, strikes a Rock and immediately a spring of Water arose. After this, God commands Abraham

ham to go to Mount Moriah, and Sacrifice His Son Isaac, who expostulates with his Father about the Sacrifice. Abraham seizes him ready to slay him, but an Angel stops his Hand, making it appear that God design'd no such thing as to command him to do Murder, but only to try his Faith. Thereupon a Ram caught in a Thicket supply'd the Place of Isaac design'd as a Sacrifice. So they return from Mount Moriah, where they hear of Sarah's Death; Whose Funeral He and His Son celebrate with strict Mourning. Then Abraham treats with the Sons of Heth for a Burial Place for Sarah his Wife, and for four Hundred Shekels of Silver Purchases the Field of Machpelah, and the Cave therein to bury Her, and His succeeding Generations. Ephron the Hitite sells it him, there He buried Her.

Now Drowsy Morpheus loos'd his leaden Wings,

And unlock'd Senses ply'd Their Native springs,
Brisk Light reveal'd, and stretch'd th' Opacious Chinks,

Whilst labouring Bee by constant sipping drinks
A Melleous juyce, collected from the Flowers
Of Verdant Fields, or twin'd in fragrant Bowers

When

When *Hagar* rising from Her soft Repose,
Did to her Maid hid discontent disclose.

Have Dreams (says she) no Ominous Event?
Forebode They nought prophetically sent
From Heav'ns Hierarchal Conclave, to reveal
Some latent Mischief, or prædestin'd Ill,
With dire portant to such as God forsakes?
For more by Things, than Words, th' Almighty
speaks.

Vision to God is Language, and a Dream
A Word ineffable, yet speaks by Him,
More then thousands Orators could do
His undiscover'd purposes to show.
But may not Satan, that Arch-fiend of Hell
Form an Illusive Shape of mist as well,
Things dissonant unscrutabla conjoyn,
And strange Discordant principles Combine.
To cloud my Reason, and distract my Soul,
Since 'tis His very Business to *cajole*

By Aerie Phanton's, fashion'd out of Night,
Tho' vanish'd oft, and guilded o're with Light?
In short, last Night I dream'd, but cannot tell,
Whether by Influence of Heav'n or Hell,
That round my Bed with a Majestick Stalk
Did a Grim Lioness at midnight walk.

Whose shaggy Main in Lengths dishevel'd
hung,
.Whilst she with Louring look survey'd the Room.
Sometimes with crashing Teeth she seem'd to
tell

An Indignation which she would conceal.
But cou'dnt: For Passion spake by open signs
Secret Intreagues and Dev'lish contermes.
With Gaping Jaws she thrice assaults my Bed,
And with her Tail thrice lav'd the Trembling

Lad.

Then with Her Paws extended strove to rend
Our Limbs in twain, so eat the Dividend,

But

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But Her attempt was vain : A Sacred Hand
Wav'd o're our Heads a shining Silver Wand,
Which with a touch seal'd up Her ravenous
Jaws,

And made Her grasp the prize with harmless
Paws.

But that which most surpriz'd me, and perplext

(1) With all these Iliads of Misfortunes vext,
Was, when Protecting Wand secur'd our Lives,
And Wrath prædominant (that always strives
Revenge to th' utmost stretch) had lab'ring
spent,

A solemn Vigour in the vain attempt,
With serious haught and still considerate Pride
She seem'd to mediate vast Passion hid.
And last Effort of poss'ble mischief try
To execute some unknown Cruelty.
So with unfolded Talons seiz'd the Bed,
And rent in thousand Rags the Coverled.

Next round the Room the Shatter'd Bedsted
drew,

And here, and there the Broken fragments
threw.

Which when I strove not thinking of th' effect,

So scatter'd, studiously to Recollect,

With scowling looks, and Terrible Grimace
She star'd me into sudain stupidness.

Bid me begon, and trudge forthwith away,

With th' Ornamental luggage of my Boy.

For now She'd born a Stripling of Her own,
Heir to all Forests known or yet unknown.

A mighty Rampant Lyon even now,

From whom a Princely Brutal Race should flow,

Lyons of Royal Quality, and State,

To Grandeur Born, too num'rous to relate,

The spacious Wilderness o'th' World to rule,

And range in without Trouble, or Controul.

This was a Dream; That Anarchy of
Thought

From huddl'd Notions, and Confusion brought,
Something that Labours to exist i'th Brain,
But in it's very Labouring dyes again,
Because no regular Form it can obtain.

When Solid Reason formes an Image there,
We Judge aright, Distinguish, and Compare.
The Soul sedate a firm Impression takes,
And true Assertions by deduction makes.

Here Regularity directs the Chain
By which our Thoughts entire Revolve again.
But if (when Slumber first has clos'd our Eyes)
Something, that looks like Reason, we devise,
By Reg'lar form to Guide us unperplext,
That very Thought's protruded by the next
Into Confusion, and expunges out
The former, or b' in explicable Doubt.

So wraps the Notion up, and so involves
The Point, that it admits of no Resolves,
Hence Natures Incompatible we joyn,
Ideas form of Beasts, discoursing fine,
Or with a Growling roughness Threatning
Death,

Saving or Killing b' interchange of Breath.
As the Wild Phansie Parent of the Thought,
By such Abortive Whymseys can be wrought.
The same Imagination, all confus'd,
Which with a Talking Lion Her amuz'd,
A stripling Rampant Lyon Heir invented,
And in disguise a Kingdom represented
Wherein some Brutal Majesty should rule,
(A Story fit to please a Credulous Fool)
As the Sole Prince and only Sovereign,
Guarded in State b' a Lordly Bestial Train :

(2.) This Dream sagacious *Billab* Confessour,
Interpreted *Imaginary Fear*;

• I'ft

‘ Itt possible [says She] a Foolish Dream,
‘ (Lovers, or Madmen’s Melancholly Theme)
‘ Should so distract you, as if Heav’n had
‘ left
‘ You and your Son of Patronage bereft ?
‘ What Heirs have Lyons ? Or what Lands to
‘ give ?
‘ By salient Feet, and Potent Jaws they live.
‘ All they can grasp, where adverse Power’s
‘ not strong,
‘ They keep, dispose, and manage as their own.
‘ Methinks, Dear Madam, you should laughing
‘ rest
‘ Content, to hear such Language of the Beast,
‘ And shake the Dreaming Phantom from
‘ your Breast.

But *Billab* knew not God the Message sent,
Ils surely Subsequent to Represent
For when he pleases, Dreams to Vision turn,
And, tho’ asleep, we Reason with Concern.

Whilst

Whilst interchangeably they held debate,
Whether this aukward Dream were fortunate,

(3) Or whether Babylonish Numbers try
By Astrologic search, and scrutiny.
T' unlock the Secret Cabinets of Heav'n,
Where *Luck* by Stars prædominant is driv'n.
Where *Fortune* rolls on vast Orbicular Globes,
And as she turns, gives Diadems and Robes
To some, whilst others are to Ruine hurl'd,
And by one Motion shook from th' *Thriving*
World.

Sinking in Grand Misfortunes deep Abyssle,
From whence the groveling Miscreant ne're
can rise.

So close the Weight of Stars th' Unfortunate
Depresses, so compulsive is their Fate.

Abram in haste comes rushing to Her Room,
Turgid with Grief, pronounc'd the final Doom.

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Resolv'd the doubtful Litigants debate
As quick as Words the Matter could relate.
Unloades his Thoughts with discompos'd
 Harangue,
And in one Breath confus'dly cry'd, and Sang.
As Women by Hysteric Passions torn,
In close Vicissitudes rejoice, and Mourn.
Thus have I seen a Brawny Porter reel
Cramp'd with a Weight, from Subterranean
 Cell
Drawn out, where Merchants lodge Metallic
 Stores

Extracted from Infernal Mineral O'res,
With haste, precipitate's oppressive Load,
And mut'ring curse the Weight, and tedious
 Road.

Such haste, such Indignation *Abram* shows
But with more Innocence His Passion flows.

Yet

Yet the same speed urg'd back His eager Steps,
When the sad Message flew from's trembling
Lips.

Bless me ! says *Hagar*, stupid with surprize
For great misfortune ever stupifies,
The silent suff'rer, almost choak'd with Grief,
Whilst Puny Mischiefs find from Tears re-
lief.

Did not I say — Oh ! horrid to repeat
Dreams were as surely Ominous, as Fate.
Certain Futuritys the Phantom's tell,
Speaking by meer appearances, as well
As if some Sage Astrologer had taught
(4) Art Magic, from Chaldaic conclaves
brought.

Where all are Conscious of impending Wars,
And know the very Council of the Stars.
Comets not half so sure Prädestinate,
Spreading their flaming Ruine o're a State,

Book II. *ABRAMIDEIS.*

77

As Dreams by God's permissive Power reveal
The Prægnant Womb, and Birth of future

III.

This Lioness my Angry Mistress meanes —
The Rest it self by Circumstance explaines.
Come let's be gone, least we perhaps provoke
Th' Omnipotent, who this by Vision spoke.

Bright *Titan* now with glowing Face began,
T' extend his recent Beams o're th' Eastern
plain,
And Milkmaids dagling o're the Dewy Lawns
Their Morning Tributes drain'd from bell-wing
Dames.
When *Abram* rose, urg'd by Paternal Care,
With Bread, and Water loades the Traveller.
With these thro' Deserts of *Beersheba* roam'd
The Mother with the Darling of Her Womb.
Deserts where grisly Lyons make their Dens,
And sleep, whilst *SOL*'s diffusive Glory spends.

In

In radiant gleames of unexhausted Light,
O're the wide Vast of uncreated Night.
But when the Darkness spread a Sable Robe
O're surface of the Sublunary Globe,
They whet their Ivery fangs, and Paws acute
Prepare; Then range the Forests absolute.
Till some unhappy Prey by devious Luck
Misled, a Miserable Victim's took.
Whose Bloody inebriates their Gluttonous Jaws,
Or tinges deep-besmeard their Griping Paws,
Till Morning sleep's drove on by Plenitude.
When *Lurd* again by smell of Infant Blood
Like Witches, at so delicate a Prize
They rouze, and stretch, and ope their hag-
gard Eyes.
Tygers and Wolves in the same Deserts bred
With the like Bloody Sacrifices fed,
Proling at Night seek Prey with hideous Dir-
In Confort Echo'd from some Fayrie Ring.

Where dance the little Elves on Graffie Plain,
Or Caves rebound the dismal Sounds again.
Nor want there weaker Instruments of Death,
Yet irresistible by vital Breath.
There o're the Sands stupendous Serpents roll'd,
Trailing a long Volumnious Scaly Fold.
Brush out a flowing passage, as they Creep,
T' a Sun-shine Rocky Canopy to Sleep.
The *Viper* there, couchant in Mossie Cells
Resides, and there the dusky *Adder* dwells.
Who, tho' but small in bulk, do Venom yield,
Equal to th' greatest Serpent in the Field.
And Death in Miniature with circling Jaws
As sure, as He in full proportion, draws.
(5) There the *Cerastes* lodg'd in sim'lar Bed,
With poys'rous Bane erects his Sandy head.
And Crown'd *Druina* leader of the Van,
Of all the Scaly stupifying Train.
From Race Serpentine born, imbosom'd there
Beneath warm Tufts exhales envenom'd Air.

With

With these the motly *Miliaris* joyn'd
 Roll o're the Plains, in hissing Bands combin'd
 And Thirsty *Dipse* of Snaky Brood the worst,
 That Groveling Feed upon the savoury Dust,
 Who adds ten times redoubl'd fierce desire
 Of Drink, inflaming with empoyson'd Fire.

These were the sad Companions of their
 Fate,

'Mongst whom they *Strold* safe yet, and
 Fortunate.

For Providence sent down a Guardian Cloud
 From Salvages the Innocents to shrowd:

Like that which vex'd the Pharaonian Host,
 In latter Days on th' *Eryth'rean* Coast.

Full fraught, and big with *Tutelary Flame*,
 Horrid Blood-thirsty Ravagers to tame.

(6) And scare th' amazing Brutes to Cover
 driv'n
 By the Fiery Artillery of Heav'n.

But now as fatal as the *Dipsas* Sting,
A torrid Thirst invades the *Hagarene*.
From parched Sands, and Dusty Atoms sprung,
With the too kind Embraces of the Sun. 101
Hence *Ishmael* crys, — *My Life, my Nectar be Water, oh ! give me Water, or I dye.*
This scorching Droughth with complicated sweat
Melted His very Elements with Heat. 102
Thus when the General Conflagration comes,
And all this Sublunary Globe consumes ;
When Fire Dissolves the universal Frame,
Lavish of Fury, and Profuse of flame ;
First, as the raging Elements prevail,
Fluids, the Cement of the whole, exhale,
Thence grows Confusion, 'cause the Water's spent
That was the firm Material Ligament.
Hence *Air* Adust, and *Earth* shall moulderd
burn,
And to their Prim'tive nothing back return.

When *Hagar* saw Her *Ishmael* thus distress'd
Lab'ring for Life, and's Heaving Breath op-
press'd.

For want of liquid Gluten to Cement
The bustling Sparks o'th' Fiery Element.
How did Her lab'ring Thoughts for Methods
try
To save Her little Tenement of Clay?
Yet all in vain, tho' God vouchsaf'd to stamp
His Image there; and to preserve the Lamp
Of Life, do's moisture constantly supply
(7) Else New-born Man *Ephemorous* must
Dye:

At last with Eyes and Hands to Heav'n erect
From whence alone, she Comfort cou'd expect;
In desp'rate Ills she thus intensely pray'd;
And mingling Tears with warm Devotion
say'd :

Heav'n's Great Creator ! Lend attentive
Ear
To my Complaints, and with Compassion hear.
Was ever Mother so distress'd, as I ?
To see a Son inevitably Dye,
An only Son, guiltless and Innocent
Of Crimes that may deserve the Punishment ?
Dye without hopes of possible Relief,
To save the Child, or ease the Parents Grief.
Seest thou not Him ? *All-Seeing Eye*, I know,
Thou see'st, and pityest too perhaps my Woe.
How *Ishmael* lyes just yelling Life away,
As far's weak Breath can weaker Yell supply ?
For want of Drink ; See how he gasps and
pants
Eager from Heav'n, or Earth t^o obtain his
wants ?
Oh ! now he Breaths his last. — I must retire,
I cannot see my Dearest Child expire.

Thou who the Watry Fountains Rul'st above,
Who Fountains too of everlasting Love,
And Mercy unexhaustible commands,
For *Abram's* sake review the Barren Lands.
Perhaps from Natures Womb in deep Recess
Of Earthly Caverns in this Wilderness.
Commanded Floods may to th' surface flow,
And a small Spring, a Spring of Life bestow.
If thou but please the liquid deep Abyss
To move, and bid the sluggish Waters rise.

After She'd finish'd her devout Address
Under a Shrub the fainting Youth she lays.
But then retir'd agast, and retrograde,
Earnest to view, as long's she could, the Lad.
And whilst but glimmerings of Life gave hope,
With greedy Eyes to Drink his Image up.
But now grim Horror mix'd with wild despair
Her Golden Tresses, and dishevel'd Hair
In Wanton ringlets braided, made Her tear

Her

Her Eyes with gazing tir'd, insatiate still,
Opening their Sluices Briny Tears distill,
Which o're their Orbs, like thick descending

~~Hail~~

In dripping Glob'les form'd a pellucid Veil,
Or kind of watry Curtain, to invite
Desir'd dimness, or Crepusc'l'at Light:
At least, that with full Glare she might not see
His fix'd necessitated Destiny.

Here *FAITH* claim'd place, if *FAITH* de-
serve that Name,
So Dawning and so clouded in its Wane:
Attack'd by all the worst maligne extremes
Of dire Despair, and unexpected means.
For where no Basis Hope obtains, we all
A *Faith* outstretch'd or meer Presumption call.
How're on *Abram's* God she still rely'd,
And therefore with Expectance pray'd and
cry'd.

Omnipotent Compassion heard Her Prayers,
(8) And Paraclete with Comfort fill'd her Ears

Whence this Distraction, *Hagar* ? Whence
arise These frequent Sobs, and Voluntary Sighs ?
Looks discompos'd, and Cheeks delineated
With streams of Tears, which fret the bloom-
ing Red.

Fear not : For under the Almighty's Wing
The Lad as with a Brooding Covering,
Warm'd, and protected, strait shall chirp & sing.
Tho' seemingly unpityed now he mourn,
God shall his Yelling into Laughing turn,
For from his Mercy-seat He bow'd his Head,
Declining lean'd, attentive to the Lad.
When first the moving Sound of's dismal Cry
Attack'd the Throne, and pierc'd the yielding
Skie.

Thus

Thus spake the Empyreal Minister, whose
Voice
An hasty Riv'let driv'n with blubbling Noise.
Follow'd, and purling down the Sandy plain,
Chear'd and Reviv'd the Lad *Half-Dead* again.
Who now from Bottle, fill'd at *New-Born*
Brook,
Fresh Life, at least a living Water suck.
So trav'ling thence brisk and Invigorate,
(9) Both safe their pratling Dangers did Repeat,
Ishmael at last in *Paran's* Wilderness
Fix'd a perpetual Tent in safe Recess.

O depth immense ! Unfathomable Love.
As boundless as Infinity above.
When God not only condescends to own
Confed'rate Friendship made with *Terah's* Son,
But, as his own, espouses *Abram's* Friends
And on *His* Foes reciprocally sends

Wing'd Vengeance, swifter than red Lightning
Shines, Disgorg'd from Airy Nitrous Magazines.
Thus when in *Visionary Language* spake
(If Dream's a Language Poetry can make)
The Great *Eternal One* to *Gerar's King*,
Least He should tast forbidden Fruit, and Sin;
Invade the Rites of Matrimonial Bed
By Patriarchal Pair Consummated.

(10) Touch not [says He] the Blessed *Abramite*,
On whom thy *Leering Eyes* intensely set.
Wanton'd last Night in voluble Amours,
Darting Obliquely fascinating Powers.
For if thou dare to violate the Wife
Of this my Friend; the forfeiture's, thy Life.
Again when warn'd *Abimelich* obey'd,
And with Submission th' Guiltless Crim'nal
pray'd,

That

I. Book II. *ABRAMIDEIS.* 89

That God his Fire, and Thunder-bolts would
stay, Nor Missive Ruine o're *Gerar's* Lands display
For *Abram's* sake: The Patriarch interceds,
And with prompt Zeal for the Repentant
pleads.

God heard his Pray'rs, and shower'd his
Blessings down On *Gerar*, and unlock'd the Barren Womb.
For *All* the Suppliant Fav'rite ask'd, was
done. Strange ways of Cure th' Inspir'd Physician
hath. When both the Method, and the Med'cine's
Faith. But now a Test most rigid, and severe
The Faithful Patriarch sensibly must bear. The loss of *Ishmael* pierc'd his tender Heart,
But time wore out, or made familiar, smart.

Or's

Or's Heart obdurate grown th' affliction foyl'd,
Like one of Stone, so Grief impress'd recoyl'd.
From Pharoah Danger Imminent suppos'd,
And Gerar's King, for equal ends propos'd,
Now in Oblivion immemorial Dyes,
As Men slight Wounds with Negligence de-
spise,

Where the Keen Sword but small impression made,
(11) And only wants the Sympathetic Blade.

At first the Patriarch's Faith unstable shook
For fear, revolving with considerate look,
And thoughtful Nod, how to evade the blow
That might from's Beauteous Wife collat'ral
flow.

And glance a-skew a Stroke as sure as Fate,
When she would save her anxious Spouse too
late.

But Faithful Abram, when b' Experience taught,
What by Cælestial Policy was wrought,

Book II. *ABRAMIDEIS.* 91

As a young Tree, wav'd by Tempestuous Wind,
In th' Earthly Bowels firmer is entwin'd
Around the Rocky Clods in stringy Roots,
And with *Æolian* Blasts unmov'd dispute.
Grew by that Shock more powerful and strong,
And from that Stem a Faith more vigorous
sprung.

This Impotent belief præpar'd the way
And pav'd the Path, directing him to Obey.
With Chearful Ease when Fiery Tryals came,
And Faith seem'd cramp't, or desperately lame.

It was the time when th' unsuspected Test
Of Faith Extream, delib'rate *Abram* seiz'd,
For now the Great *J E H O V A H* Infinite,
Girt with Invisible Effluence of Light.
Whose Rays diffus'd the glittering Sun out-shin'd,
Riding on Cherub, born on Wings of Wind,
From Heav'n descended, but for *Abram*'s sake
Temper'd His Brightness with a Cloud and spake.

As

As once *Chaldean Ur* thy Native Land
Thou left'st with readiness at my Command,
And scorn'd th' unaccountable Sweets that lye
In places of your Dear Nativity.

And unknown *Canaan* without scruple sought'st,
By Multiform Erroneous wandrings toss'd.

Till after all pass'd Casualties secure,
I fix'd thy settl'd Habitation here.

So now with speed unquestioning repair

To *Moriah*, where a stately Mount do's rear
Erect His Head, imbosom'd close in Air.

(12) A Country from's Paternal Mountain
nam'd,

Which tho' not Christ'nd, yet Judaiz'd the
Land.

As future Places shall from *Ford* and *Vale*
Distinguish'd rise, and flourish Nominal.

(13) There my Belov'd, as yet unborn I'll meet,
And with compassionate relentings Greet,

Book II. *ABRAM IDE IS.* 93

Pard'ning His inconsiderate Offence,
This Barrier make to Raging Pestilence :
Whose Son, tho' not t' atone the Father's
Crime,
Lodg'd in the Womb as yet of future time,
With Wisdom equal to his Wealth immense,
Shall here erect with unconceiv'd expence,
A Temple grac'd with Majesty and State,
All that can make it Wonderful and Great.
Tho' not to limit Omnipresent Mind,
For Walls no Power interminate can bind,
Which dwells enclos'd, and never will depart
The Narrow confines of an Humble Heart.
But first this Mount Go consecrate with Blood
And drench the Grassie Glades with sanguine
Flood.
Not from the Venal Channels of an Ox,
Or drawn from Butcher'd Herds, and slaughter'd
Flocks.

For

For think'it, I'll Drink the Blood of Bulls and
Goats,

Spouting for Sacrifice from Brutal Throats,
Since all the Cattle on a Thousand Hills,
And Range of Beasts that every Forrest fills.
By Sovereign absolute Command are mine,
Why should I then impatient Thirst for thine?
No, 'tis thy Son, thine *Isaac* I require,
(14) A Reaking *Holocaust* condemn'd to Fire,
Me with that chosen Sacrifice adore,
Intrepid, tho' disdain'd with Human gore.

Thus speak *Jehovah*, th' Echoing Vallies
rang,
And Myriads of Angelic Seraphs sang,
Praise, Honour, Glory be to him alone
Who reconducted fills th' Aethereal Throne.

As with her Rosie Fingers Morn begun,
Stretch'd on *Olympus's* Top, the Rising Sun

Book II. *ABRAM IDE IS.* 95

Survey'd the World with early glimmering
Ray,
And Chantring Cocks proclaim'd increasing
Day.

When busy *Abram* prompt, and fully bent
With vigour t' execute Divine Intent
Sadl'd his Ass to seek the Mount of God,
And carrying with him a mortiferous load,
Design'd for Inscious *Isaac's* Funeral Pyle,
Arriv'd with's Servant at the Sacred Hill.
After two Dayes fatigue of Dust and Sweat,
As the slow Carrier mov'd, expos'd to Heat.
Now the third Sun determining the Day
On which he must the destin'd Victim slay,
At the Mounts Foot the sturdy Youth He Lades,
Who proud of's Miserable Obedience treads
The Path oblique that led to *Moriah's* top,
And bore th' unfortunate fatal Burden up.
Thus Goodly Corn to's own Material's doom'd,
By its own fruitful supplement's consum'd.

And

96. *ABRAM IDES.* Book II.

And the dry Straw yields an unwelcome store
Of Fuel, to burn the Pendulous Ears it bore.

He saw the Wood, the Fire, and dismal Knife,
Not conscious of his own endanger'd Life.

Therefore to's Father mildly represents,
The Triple store of useless Instruments.

If. Why do's my Father a vain Altar rāise?

For where's the tender Lamb for Sacrifice?

Abr. Th' Almighty Donor, from whom all
things came,

Will Crown this Altar with th' unblemish'd
Lamb.

If. But first, methinks, the Sacrifer shou'd
Before he plac'd præparatory Wood
Secure an Off'ring on the same to lay,
Not build in hopes some fort'nate Kid will
stray.

Abr. Heav'ns lib'ral Hand, will certainly provide
Without your Care an unexpected Kid.

buA

If. Well!

Book II. *ABRAM IDES.* 97

If. Well ! But till then wait with contriv'd delay
Divert your self remiss some other way.

And not with toylsome Industry and Pains,
Fatigue Your Limbs, and discompose your Brains.
T' erect with all Deaths cruel pompous Scene
A Fabrick for a Sacrifice unseen.

Abr. Go Boy ; who Præcient Providence suspects
Which things, ev'n retrograde in Time, detects ?
For think'ſt thou God, impossible to Err,
Bid me for nothing Implements prepare !
Here with præcipitance He bound the Lad,
And on the Wood the *Bundled Infant* lay'd.
Ready with quick dispatch, and Brandish'd
Knife
To slay the Youth, and Sacrifice his Life.

When *ABRAM, ABRAM* came a Mighty
Sound,
And sudain Noise, did's Ears arrest confound.
Then with Amusement *Stund* on every side,
He gaz'd, yet nought but Atmosphære descry'd.

H

‘ Whence

‘Whence comes [says he] this unexpected noise?
‘Can liquid Air form an Articulate Voice?
‘Tis God’s Command, I’ll Hesitate no more,
‘But my clean Hands imbrue in *Isaac’s* Gore.

Here a Bright Seraphim, whose radiant
Head,

A Crown, with fine Enamel overlaid,
Cover’d, Emboss’d, and made of purest Gold,
Beyond the Power of dull Refiners Mould ;
Beset with Orient Gems of Native Light,
And sparkling Diamonds of prodigious weight
Around his Shoulders, wrought with artful
Care,

In dangling Circles wav’d his Careless Hair,
Which with such Grace, and so resplendent
lay,

That the whole seem’d but one continued Ray
Thus spake ——

— Slay not the Lad, but th' Hand withdraw,
Thy Faith is try'd, and Heav'n th' Obedience
law.

Believ'st Thou God delights in Human Blood,
Or are His Laws so meanly understood?
Did He prohibit's Image to be slain,
And now reverse the same Command again?
Which, as *Himself*, unalterable's made,
And with *deliberate Wisdom* was forb'd,
When *Noah* fore and aft did disembarque
The Floating Tribe on board His *Mooring Ark*.
Think'st thou th' *Immutable* can change his State,
And counterchange præfix'd Decrees of Fate?
Sooner the Sea this Globous World shall burn,
And to one unextended Atom turn.
Sooner Old *Chaos* with Congenit Night,
Shall all the Starry Hæmisphære inlight,

And solid Darkness first invest the Sun
To make't illuminate our Horizon ;
Than the *Just* One break's own Aternal Laws,
And Null his Truth to propagate his Cause.
Has Thee th' Almighty Promiser betray'd,
Glozing with Lyes the signal Promise made ?
Can the *Unerring* *Word* a Doctrine teach,
In *Pageant* form, and *Masquerade* of *Speech* ?
Shall *quicke*n'd Ashes bring forth a Mighty Race
Of Men beyond compute and Numberless ?
And the Sole Heir, *designdly* kill'd and slain
In Earth embowell'd, breed like scatter'd Grain ?
No ; — But Thy Faith is in the Furnace try'd,
And not *meer possibilitys* imply'd.
'Tis there refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By Workmanship unimitable wrought
For this Thy Seed too numerous to relate,
Shall grow in number, as in Favour Great.

Book II. *ABRAM IDE IS.* 101

Millions of Blessings on their Heads descend,
And with the Stars of Heav'n those Blessings
end.

No sooner This Angelick Oratour
Had finish'd his Divine Discourse, and bore
Himself aloft t' Ætherial Mansions, wrapt
In Garb of Glory, exquisitely shap't,
After the mode of Immaterial Sprights,
Ermyn'd with Spangles of Embroyder'd Lights.
But *Abram* cast his Eyes around, and spy'd
A strugling Ram fast in a Thicket ty'd.
With Joyful Hands præcipitate unbound
The Captive Son, who leaping spurn'd the
Ground.

Chearful and to Glad see, w' undoubting Eyes,
Convinc'd, the Supplemental Sacrifice.
So with joyn Care, and equal Industry
Both *hawld* the Ram from's Woody Sanctuary.

And such perhaps the Brutal Reason might
Judge a Defence, and had ajudg'd aright,
Had but the shady Leaves united Power,
Repuls'd intruding Light and form'd a Bower.
But being expos'd to naked view he fell,
Not by meer Chance, but God's determin'd
Will,

A Goodly Prize, and now with Skin eras'd
The *Fortunate Exchange* their Altar grac'd.
Whilst round the burning Pyle in Fiery Rayes
Or smoaky Flame ascended *Abram's Praise*,
With loud *Hosanna's*, and Cœlestial Layes.

With what Vicissitudes of Joy and Grief
Revolving circular Labours Human Life?
No sooner Mirth Invigorates our Souls,
But on our Heads some violent torrent rolls
Of dire Misfortunes, unexpected sent
To Balast all our Flights, or Punishment.

Nay

Nay Prægnant Ills bring sometimes new supplies
And Plagues from Plagues ingeminated rise.
But if such Serpents propagate no Brood
From Poysinous Wombs t' infect and taint our
Blood,

'Tis odds but Providence provides the Cup
W' infatiate Thirst, before we Drink it up,
And mingles bitterness for Chearful Hearts,
Tho' not a Tincture Venemous imparts.
For Heav'n Chalks out, and seems to præordain
(15) Black and White Days for th' Chequer'd
State of Man.

Least fond of Disobedience we forget,
Amidst the Heights of Raptur'd Nature set,
The Fountain whence our greatest Blessings
flow;

Obdurate in perpetual Pleasures grow;
Without some wholsome temp'rature of Woe.
Thus purest Gold with intermix'd alloy
Answers best common use by just Essay.

Thus *Sarab* dying damp'd th' Excess of Joy
Conceiv'd by *Abram* for's surviving Boy.
Instead of Shawms and Trumpets Echoing
Praise,
To Celebrate those Happy Glorious Days.
Which brought secure the *Destin'd Offering* home,
Minstrells in jarring Notes a Dirges Thrum.
No Festival the jolly Goblets grace,
(16) But Consolation Cups supply the place.
And as the Sable Clouds at Evening hang
Like Mantles, hov'ring o're the Watry Plain,
The fleeting Darkness thickens by Degrees,
Till settl'd Night invests the Dusky Seas.
So under pendant Melancholly Veil
An Over-shadowing Sorrow did prevail.
And *Sarab's* Death the gradual Discontents
Almost to *Solid Stupidness* augments,
For where the mind *suspects* related Fears,
Th' unerring Eyes convince the dubious Ears.

Book II. *ABRAMIDEIS.* 105

He sighing saw the lamentable Scene,
Without the *Dawn of Comfort* t' intervene,
That by some Potent Arm She might revive,
As wondrous as desponded *Isaac* live.

(17) He saw the *Naborite* inclining stand
To gently close Her Eyes with trembling Hand.
Ten Thousand Kisses on her pale Lips bestows
And with the senseless Trunk ev'n amorous
grows.

Such Love entire conjoyn'd their mutual Hearts,
That ev'n a Corps surviving Passion darts.

Next to the Father came the Mournful Lad,
To pay a filial Duty to the Dead.
Methinks I see Him eagerly caress
The Lump Embalm'd, and's circling Arms em-
brace
The Form insensible, as't inscious lay
Of Favours, He with greediness would pay.

Mc-

Methinks I see distill from's dripping Eyes
Those Tears which recollect'd might suffice
To wash the stupid Breathless Hulk again,
(18) And with fresh Funeral Bathing entertain.
At last, as Grief will always find a Vent
By Words, as well as Tears, if closely pent,
Wringing his Hands, with sad dejected look
He thus in Passionate relentings spoke.

Who for a Mother mourns, and can express
Sorrow without intemperate Excess !
When first the little Animated Mass
Of Seminal Matter grows Vivific Flesh.
The strugling Embryo's with vexatious throws
Th' unwieldy Mothers often discompose;
Sometimes the tortur'd Parent by a fright
Drives out th' uneasy Bantling into Light.
Or unconcocted Vomitings annoy,
The Patient Mother for the squeamish Boy

Grate-

Book II. *ABRAMIDEIS.* 107

Grateful, and Pleasant Nutriment at first,
But when regurgitated, filth accurst.

Again, no sooner of Her Burden eas'd,
Her Pangs rebated, violent Pains appeas'd,
But th' helpless Infant farther Care requires,
Without Maternal Drugery expires.

Who then too much, too sensibly can mourn?
Or make in gratitude a full return
For Ills so indefatigably Born.

By Careful Mothers, prodigal of all
The fondest Favorites can *Indulgence* call?

Curs'd be that Serpent, be he doubly Curst
That tempted inconsiderate Woman first.

When by forbidden Fruit's mortiferous
Tast

According to Aëternal Sentence pass'd,
Death taught us the Necessity of Graves,
And rolling Stones for Subterranean Caves.

If

If e're profess'd *Pathetic Grief* you see,
As one that mourneth for his Mother, Think
on me.

After this Solemn Languishing Discourse
Where every Word from Action took some
Force,

After the Funeral Obsequies and Rites
Perform'd by *Abraham*, and *Abramites*.
The last sad Ceremonial Pomp's requir'd,
And by Surviving Pensive Kin desir'd,
That in some deep Recess interr'd might lye,
This Dear Deposit of Mortality ;
Free from the World, and gently lay her
Head

Safe in the silent Chambers of the Dead,
That She might Sleep beneath some Rocky
Cave

In Nature's dark retiring Room, a Grave,

(19) Where

(19) Where *Worms* unfelt, adopted Brethren
dwell,
And Fatherly *Corruption* fills the Cell,
Least Fumes exhal'd infect the Atmosphære,
And noysom Vapours taint the fragrant Air.
Therefore with th' Sons of *Hetb*, a Neigh-
bouring State,
The Good Old Patriarch did Capitulate.

Your Natural Reason and Experience tells
Better than Wisdom that in Temples dwells,
Where the choice Timber, cull'd from com-
mon Woods,
Carv'd into Shape, and hammer'd into Gods,
Pretends to speak Prophetic Extasies
(And do's, as much as in dumb *Silence* lies)
That Carcasses exhaling Putri'd Fumes,
Convey a latent Poyson to the Lungs.

(20) And

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(20) And that the Sulphurous *Mephites* choak,
(When once our Natural Frame's dissolv'd and
broke,) *ed. 1819*

The Vital Breath, and with envenom'd Dews
O're th' *Hethian Land* a deadly Plague diffuse
So since *My God* by Providential Ways
Unscrutable, has finish'd, all my *Sarah's Days*
And all the turbulent Elements, as yet,
Close in their Prisons, quiet and sedate,
Seem with th' unmoving Corps to Sleep in
Peace,

And for a while Benum'd Consent to ease,
Whilst *Cold Despotic Power* can maintain,
And all discordant Principles' disdain :
Denye me not my Bloodless Hulk to lay
Entomb'd to putrify some decent way,
Hide from mine Eyes my now despair'd
Delight,

Least a perpetual Grief Her Ghastly Form
excite.

Book II. ABRAMIDEIS. III

No sooner Abram thus Expostulates
But strait reply'd the Hethian Potentates.

Hear us, my Lord, Thou art a mighty Prince
If not our Gods, our Reasons shall convince
Thy dubious Heart, if Blind suspicion move
Thy misled Sentiments to doubt our Love.
That for thy Dead, where e're the Hethian
Land *Extends its Bounds b' unlimited command,*
Room uncontroll'd our Servile Sons shall yield,
And beg th' acceptance of a burying Field.
Here the Grantee Submissive bow'd his Head,
And with a just Décorum gravely said ;

Since 'tis your Pleasure my promiscuous Dead
May in your Territories find a Bed,
After long toyle of Life and Worldly Cares,
To rest their labour'd Bones, fatigu'd with Years.

When

112 *ABRAMIDES.* Book III

When Days to them unnumber'd pass no more,
But Man's unthinking made, as Man before
The first live Atom could Existence have,
And Sleeps as void of Thought in's silent Grave,
Except His Noble Soul, that separate Spright,
Which feeds on Thought, and basks in Hea-
venly Light.

Intreat for me the *Zoharite* to grant
That necessary Receptacle I want,
Where I th' Offensive Carcasses may lay
To moulder into Primogenial Clay.
I for the Dead full gratitude will own
Who Speechless seem to beg to Rot alone.
As far's the bare Conjecturer Aspires
To measure Dead Mens Pleas, by's own De-
sires.

Beneath the Foot of yonders Chalky Hill
Obliquely runs a small pellucid Rill,
Whose

Whose Boggy Banks bedeck'd with verdant
Sedge

Mound a large Field, and form a circular Hedge
On the remotest side where th' adverse Sun
Pants with declining Rayes the Horizon.
But where it first Salutes with glowing Face
Confronting Hills, whose prominent Tops em-
brace

Fresh radiant Beams, before contiguous Vales
Perceive its warmth, or Cobweb'd Dew exhales,
A craggy Ridge of little Hillocks Bounds
Th' inferior Plain, and Trees inclos'd surrounds.
Under whose Weight, by Art, or Nature fram'd
Lyes an Arch'd Cavern, which *Machpelahis*
nam'd.

(21) Where little Cells in Ranks distinguish'd
run,
As if appropriated by right to one,
That undisturb'd each Corps may sleep
alone.

Here may the Prisoner with th' Oppressor lye,
Slumbring secure from all Hostility.

The Debter there from Griping Usurer free
No Debt, but that of Nature's bound to pay.
Which ev'n the Wealthiest do's as well as he.
But unmolested for's deficient Cause
By Thriving Villains, and mismanag'd Laws,
Finds there a settled *Requiem* unopprest,
And uncontroul'd b' Imperious Judges rests.
There Kings and Tyrants, Councillors of State,
With Servile Slaves, *equally* Small and Great,
B' impartial Death are *level'd* into Peace,
And Clods unquarrelsome unite in ease.
Quietly Sleep away insensate Time
Till Dawn of vast \mathcal{E} ternity begin.
This Cave from *Ephron* Beg for me and mine
Not as free Gift, but for respondent Coyn,
That as the Branches of my Loynes decay,
Here their *Perpetual Night* may pass away,

Till

Book II. *ABRAMIDEIS.* 115

Till from their Sacred Dust an Heavenly Race
Sprung up, like Trees, Cœlestial *Eden* Grace,
And each transplanted from th' enliv'nd A
Mould,

Grow with Immense Duration never old.

To whom the Generous *Hittite* frankly
said

The Field and Cave be thine, the Coyn's
deny'd.

Æquivalent argues Mercenary Trade,
And meer Mechanic Bartring for the Dead.
Not fit for Princes of Enobl'd Blood,
Whose bare Acceptance makes the Bargain
good,

And Giver, glad; if they'l vouchsafe to take
Such Presents th' humble Offerer can make.

Tis true, four Hundred Shekels I de-
mand

Of any, but an *Abram* for the Land,

But why should we contest this Trivial
Rate?

A thing so inconsiderable Estimate?

Here the *Sage Patriarch* interpos'd again,
Th' unpurchas'd Gift as freely I resign,
As you with liberal Hand, and Heart bestow'd
If no *Æquivalent* can be allow'd.

Shall my Dear Wife's departed Ghost Ubraid
My Niggard Love, and Avaritious Aid;
To see Her frugally entomb'd, and say,
That *Tour Petitioner* shall ever Pray, &c.
No; God with Wealth uncircumscrib'd has
blest

His Faithful *Abraham*, amply—full—possest'd
Of all th' Infatiate *Miser* can desire,
T' extinguish His Indomitable Fire,
Excited into frequent Pleasant Rage,
When he leans close incumbent on His Bags.

Why

Why then amidst th' innumorous Stores shall I,
An *Eleemosynary* Field enjoy ?

I want not Purse, or Generous Heart to buy.
Here the Dissenting Paramours agreed,
Not Drew, Ingross'd, and Sign'd, and Seal'd the
Deed

Which the Survivor for Defunct in Trust
For Common Earth entail'd on Sacred Dust
Might have from *Ephron* by Surrender made
Of all for which the Stipulator paid.

For yet no Lawyer had Debauch'd the Laws,
And rack'd the Letter to support a Cause,
That basled Right exploded from the Bar,
With *Justice* may contemptible appear.

But only by Reciprocal Consent,
Declarative of all Sincerely meant,
Before the Sons of *Heth*, Spectators made,
Abram a *Verbal* firm *Conveyance* had.

Thus have I seen a solid Grave debate
Betwixt two formal Ministers of State,
Which should precedence first in Honour give,
Or which Obtruded Complaisance receive
Till Hand in Hand Both Friendly lead the way,
And with reluctant Wills commanding Both
obey.

The End of the Second Book.

O B.

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
Second BOOK.

(1) **I**liads of Misfortunes vex'd. — *This is an Ancient Proverbial saying taken from the Representation, Homer an old Greek Poet makes of the Misfortunes of Troy, called formerly Ilium, and answers to our English Proverb, A Peck of Troubles.*

(2) Sagacious Billah Confessour. — *I have here used the Name of Billah in General for an Handmaid, tho' she was 'specially the Handmaid of Rachel only, Gen. ch. 29. v. 29. following the steps of the most approv'd Poets, Horace, &c. who frequently use mare Ionium, Adriaticum, &c. for the Sea in General. And it cannot be suppos'd that Abraham dismissed Ishmael, and His Mother without a Servant to attend Her, tho' that Servant be not mentioned in Scripture.*

(3) Babylonish Numbers try. —
Horace lib. i. Carmin. Od. xi. — Nec Ba-
bylonios.
Tentabis numeros. —

The Babylonians are suppos'd to be the Original Inventors of the Mathematicks, and who foretold Nativitys, call'd therefore Genethliaci, a fault of Credulity generally appropriated to Women, as the Commentator on the said place in Horace observes, non otioso Leucenoen Mulierculam Genethliacorum vanitati fidem adhabitaram vocat, &c.

(4) From Chaldaic Conclaves brought.— The Chaldeans were the most ancient Astrologers in the World, who pretended to tell Fortunes, from whom the Ægyptians derived their Knowledge of the Stars, and instituted a Sect of Wise Men call'd Magi, or Magicians: Of which there were two sorts, One who could show juggling Tricks to deceive People, such as these appeared before Pharoah, Exod. ch. 7. v. 11. Ano: her sort were they who are call'd the Magi, or Wise Men of the East, Mat. 2. v. 7. Who were properly Astronomers rather than Astrologers. Th' indeed the whole Land of Chaldea was mightily addicted to Astrology, and Art Magic, and Prædictions from the Stars.

(5) Cerastes lodg'd in similar Bed.— Cerastes the horn'd Serpent, of a sandy Colour, and Teeth like a Viper, containing in him deadly Poyson. Druina is another kind of Serpent, whose very smell is said to stupify, and whose Captain, or Leader has a White Comb or Crown on his Head. Milliaris is a spotted Serpent, like Millet Seed, from whence it derives its name, and is call'd otherwise Cenchrus.

It

It bites commonly, and causes a fatal sleepiness. Dipsas is a Serpent that kills by causing a Malignant or Venemous Thirst, in Allusion to which, Ovid speaks of an Old Drunken Woman in his Book de Arte Amandi.

Est quædam, (Quicunq; volet cognoscere nomen
Audiat) est quædam nomine Dipsas Amis.
Et re nomen habet, nigri non illa parenteni
Memnonis in roseis Sobria vidiit Equis.

(6) And scare the amazing Brutes. —

It is an Observation of the Naturalists (how true I dare not avouch) That Wild Beasts are scared by Fire at any time. Now that Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness of Beersheba were protected by the peculiar Providence of God, I make no doubt, tho' as to the particular manner of their Protection, I cannot justifie my assigning their defence by a Cloud, but only by Poetica Licentia, crave Liberty to assign a particular way of their Protection.

(7) Else New-born Man Ephemerous must dye. — Ephemerous being a Word derived from the Greek, signifying a Day, has given denomination to a fly call'd Ephemera or Ephemeris, which lives but a Day. And this must be the Case of every Man, should not God. temper the Elements He is compos'd of, according to Philosophers Notions, to Temperamentum ad Justitiam, not ad Pondus, as they say, which proportionate mixture of the four Elements sufficient to preserve Him in His Be-
ing.

ing, which were those Elements equal in the Weight (call'd Temperamentum ad Pondus) Fire as being the most Active would exhale all moisture, and consequently the living Frame be dissolv'd. —

(8) Paraclete with Comfort fill'd her Ears. — Paraclete, being a Word derived from the Greek Tongue, denoteth Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost usually meant in S. Scripture, as I will pray the Father that he may give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, *John xiv. v. 16. 17.* Again, *v. 26.* But the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, &c. *vid. John 15. v. 26. and ch. 16. v. 7.* It being one of the Peculiar Offices ascribed to the Holy Ghost, to take Care of the Afflicted and Distressed.

(9) Their pratling Dangers did repeat. — This being figuratively express'd, requires no justification of the Propriety of Speech, but against unlearned Criticks, whom the Authority of Juvenal may Convince. As *Sat. xij.* When He speaks of *Mariners escaping a great Storm, says he, as soon as they are on shoar* —

— *Gaudent ibi vertice raso
Garula securi narare pericula nautæ.*

(10) Touch not the Blessed Abramite. — All Persons belonging to the Family of Abraham, I have presum'd to call Abramites, and particularly Sarah, His Wife; over whom God had a peculiar Care, as David expresses it, *Touch not mine Anointed, and do my Prophets no harm.* *Psal. 105. v. 15.* This care

care is eminently an Argument of God's Particular Providence over such as He condescends to own, and call his Friends, and in the Case of Pharoah who seem'd to be enamour'd with Abraham's Wife, as well as that of Abimelech was conspicuous, in both which God prevented Adulterous Actions. —

(11) Wants the Sympathetic Blade. — There is an Opinion amongst many Philosophers, That with a certain Powder (made of Vitriol, as I have heard, calcin'd when the Sun enters Leo, a sign in the Zodiac) mix'd with any Oyntment, a Wound may be cured, if you anoint the Blade of the Sword, or Knife, that made the same. Which is therefore call'd Sympathetic Oyntment, as curing a Wound by Sympathy; But How far such an Opinion borders on Truth I leave to every Mans Belief; and only say, That it is a very good way of Application of a Medicine, where the Wound is so slight, as to visibly appear in all probability nothing but a good Habit of Body to heal it self.

(12) — From's Paternal Mountain nam'd; This I know will fall under the severe Lash of some Criticks, especially when I say presently after — Tho' not Christn'd, yet Judaiz'd the Land. However 'tis so common amongst both Greek and Latine Poets also, I presume the Expression Justifiable. That it was call'd the Land of Moriah, appears Gen. xxij. v. And that it was call'd also the Mount of God, appears, v. 17. And Mount Moriah, 2 Chron. 3. v. 1. And its very probable ~~the~~ Denomination to the whole Land round about it,

it, as a Father names his Son after his own Name, and we Christians call the giving the Name to a Thing in the General acceptation Christning the same, which I call here as being under the Jewishi Nation, or Hebrews, Judaizing. Thus Rome was called Urbs Septicollis from its seven Hills it was built on; and Hills, Dales and Fords, do so often give names to places in England, that nothing is more common.

(13) My Belov'd as yet unknown, I'll meet.
— By this I mean David, as appears the 2 Chron. ch. 3. where the Angel of God (who brought a Plague on David and His People numbring the People of Israel whereof dyed seventy Thousand, 2 Sam. v. 15. 16.) stayed his Hand from destroying the Israelites at the threshing Flour of Araunah, or Ornan the Jebusite, which was at the Foot of Mount Moriah, on which Solomon afterwards built a Temple to the Lord, vid. 2 Chron. ch. 3.

(14) Holocaust condemn'd by Fire. — That by Holocaust is meant a Burnt Offering, all the learned know; now that God should command Abraham to sacrifice his own Son, that is, offer up Human Blood, which He forbad by a Law made to Noah and His Generation, it is fit the unlearned should be Instructed in the Reason of it, which was the Tryal of Abraham's Faith, vid. Heb. ch. 11. v. 27. God by his Prescience or Foreknowledge of what Abraham would do, did not put a Necessity upon his Will to act it, but leaving him free, gave him the promiss'd Reward for his Obedience, in Blessing and

Mul.

Multiplying his Seed from Generation to Generation.

(15) *Black and White Days.* — *The Romans upon a superstitious Account and Observation of Misfortunes and Evil Events falling out in some particular Days, and more happy Success on others; Have call'd the former Atros Dies, black Days, or Dies Postriduanos, such Days as immediately followed the Nones, Calends or Ides of every Month were unfortunate, like some People in our Nation who strictly observe Chidermals Day, as they call it, in every Week, and will not begin or do any thing of Consequence that Day.* As for Example, if Chidermals Day, call'd otherwise Innocents Day, a Festival Celebrated by the Church in Memory of those Innocents slain by Herod at our Saviour's Birth, happen on a Monday, then the Mondays in every Week that Year are call'd Chidermals Days. I am apt to think the superstitious Observation of this was derived from the Imitation of the Old Romans, who mark'd their Happy Days with Chalk, or some white Characters in their Calender; and the unhappy Days with a Coal, or Black Character.

— *Dies Nigro Carbone notatus.*

(16) *Consolation Cups supply the place.* — *That the Jews made great Feasting at Marriages, is evident enough from Scripture by the Marriage in Canaan of Galilee mentioned John ch. 2. So did they also make Feasts at their Burials, as the ancient Romans did their Silecernia qu; Coena super silicem, A Supper upon a Stone, because they*

they usually eat this Funeral Supper upon a Stone. These Feasts amongst the Jews were call'd the Bread of Men, *Ezek. 24.17.* and Cups of Consolation because it was administer'd to the Mourners for the Dead. As this was both a Jewish and Heathenish Custom, so was that of Minstrels playing at Funerals as mention'd, *Mat. 9.23.* called by the Romans *Præficeæ*, Women hired to sing at Funerals.

(17) Nahorite inclining stand. — The Custom of the Jews was also in this kind like that of the Romans, viz. The nearest of Kin, usually clos'd the Eyes of the deceas'd, which here is justly suppos'd to be of the Family, or a Descendant Branch from Nahor, whose Daughter Sarah was. So Joseph shall put his Hands upon thine Eyes. *Gen. 48. v. 4.* And Ovid alludes to the very same, when he says,

Ille meos oculos comprimat, ille tuos

(18) Funeral Bathing entertain. — The Jews, as well as Romans, used to wash the Dead Corps before it was Buried as, Tabitha dyed, and when they had washed her they laid up agin in an upper Chamber, *Acts 9. v. 37.* After which the Person who washed the Dead, as being polluted thereby, *Eccles. 34. 26.* was forced to cleanse himself by Waters again. But there was also, besides common Washings amongst the Jews, another sort of Wash-

Washing, call'd Baptizing for the Dead by St. Paul, 1 Cor. 15. The Explanation of which Custom is much controverted amongst the learned, but it being not necessary to dwell on the Exposition of it here, I pass it by.

(19) Worms unfelt, adopted Brethren, dwell
And Fatherly Corruption. — *I have said to Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worms thou art my Mother and my Sister.* Job 17. v. 14. The affinity contracted with the Dead by calling Worms Brothers of the Deceased, I hope may be as justifiable as to call them Sisters or Mother, as Job has done; upon which Account also, I style Corruption Fatherly, being properly the Hebrew Epithite in that Poetical Sacred History. For alass! 'tis a very serious Consideration to reflect on the State of the Dead Companions of nothing but Stench, Rottenness, and Corruption, tho' for a little while here in this World we enjoy Plenty and Grandeur, and our Fame sounds Great amongst Men, tho' then it will be but as the Crackling of Thorns under a Pot, Eccl. 7. v. 6.

(20) Sulphurous Mephites Choak. —

Guttur Sulphureas lente exhalante Mephites.

Perf. Sat. 3.

When he speaks of an Hydropical Person, whose Breath Stinks by Reason of Putrified Humours, stinking

ling it — Graves & Tetros Odores & Anhe-
litus. Altho' says the Commentator, Mephites est
proprie Terræ putor ex aquis maxime Corruptis,
& Sulphuratis proveniens, That stinking smell, or
scent which proceeds from Putrified or Corrupt Wa-
ters, is properly call'd Mephites.

(21) Cells in Ranks Distinguish'd. — The Jews
usually formed certain Cells in great Caves, or
Vaults to lye the Dead in apart, which they call'd
Graves, or Tombs properly. Which Caves, or
Vaults the Wealthier sort did paint or varnish over,
from whence cometh the Proverbial saying, Sepul-
cra dealbata apply'd to such as have only a meer
outside or form of Godliness, and by our Saviour to
the Pharisees in particular, Mat. 23. v. 27. At
the Mouth of which Caves was affix'd a rolling
Stone mentioned Mat. 27. v. 59, and 60. according
to their manner of Burial.

Abra-

Abramideis.

BOOK. III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Mutability of things described, and the Ignorance of Man in finding out the Original Cause of those constant Changes in Nature, without recurring to the Power of God, detected, and expos'd. In consideration of which perpetual rise and decay of things in Nature, especially the Successive Generation, and Corruption of Mankind Abraham causes his Servant Eliezer to swear to him to take care of his Son Isaac's Marriage, that his Family may not decay, and that he may not Marry amongst the Canaanites. Eliezer and Abraham controvert the Probability of Success to procure a Wife for young Isaac in a foreign Land. Eliezer Lades ten Asses with Presents and Necessarys, and goes into Chaldea to the City of Nahor to Bethuel who had a Daughter calld Rebecca, whom he entreats to give him leave to Water his Camels at a Well by Nahor, having first prayed to God to show him some signs by which he might know the Damsel.

K

God

God had appointed for a Wife for Isaac. The Signs concur in Her, whom he therefore Courts for Isaac. Laban her Brother disputes with Eliezer, and doubts the Veracity of his Message, and Admonishes his Sister to be cautious. Eliezer relates the whole Affairs of his Master's Family, and the Reasons of his Errand. Laban still urges on further Doubts, but Eliezer recurs to God's Omnipotence, and the Power of Faith, and convinces him, representing to him the Vanity of Human Reason in controuling the Power of God. Laban at his Discourse being confounded consents that his Sister Rebecca shall go along with Eliezer to Canaan, but entreats only that she might tarry a few Days amongst her Relations, which he refusing to consent to, his Father Bethuel and he permit her to go to be Married to Isaac, as he required. She meets Isaac at the Borders of Canaan, and alights off her Mule, pays him Obeysance, and afterwards is married to him.

O Wisdom Infinite! O Power Divine!

O Who can sufficient Adoration joyn
With all the Angelic, Archangelic Choires,

Whose Minds, irradiate with Cœlestial Fires,

Whose Tongues, in Peculiar Tongues,

Whose Voices, in a hundred Tongues,

Whose Chimes, in a thousand Tongues,

Whose Psalms, in a million Tongues,

Can

Can boast i Comp'rensive Knowledge, yet must
lour i M'no or noisome air except ba
To Ignorance Comparative, before ~~comitt~~ ^{He} can
Th' Allwise Æternal FAH, and Praise Dispense
To view the Tortuous Maze of Providence, ~~ord~~ ^{ord} W
Which Metaphysick Foolery of Man ~~ord~~ ^{bluo} W
Attempts to Fathom, but attempts in vain.
For God by ways unsearchable has made
Unknown Meanders, as in Masquerade,
Whose Secret Springs in vigorous Nature prove,
How things by constant Circulation move,
To keep the Universe in Regular State, ~~ism~~ ^{ot} T
Where all things change, as Causes Circulate.
Whose Motion when we o're-Pedantic think
T' adjust, the more we plunge, the deeper sink;
As swallow'd in Erroneous Quags unseen,
And our own Scrutiny, binds us faster in.
(1) Thus, tho' the Globous World to some ap-
pears
To measure space extended, number Years,

Yet 'tis the Sun th' unerring Motion finds,
And squares his Revolution to our Mind.
Hence Times and Seasons interchang'd are found
And well distinguish'd by his rolling round.
Who, in one Point should he determin'd stand,
Would starve, and Beggar more than half the
Land.

The Briny Sea from Putrifaction's kept,
Whilst it reverberates the solid Cleft.
By close impulse, and quick Succession drove,
To make the stagnant Waves in Creeks re-
move :
Such order has Omnipotence ordain'd,
That's sweetness may by Motion be sustain'd,
That where Rough Billows seem to sculk their
Heads
Secluse from Winds in still Aquatic Beds,
As if they sought a Putrificative Room,
Others may Crow'd, and clear the dusky Scum.

Least

Least Nature interrupted run astray,
And deviate from the common Providential way.

(2) Nor do's the Microcosme less order
want,
Or the Almighty lesser Powers grant.
To keep particular Human Frame entire
Whilst Circulation feeds the Vital Fire.
Which if extinct, one Generation wou'd
The first Created Progeny conclude.
Without Succession from the fruitfull Womb
One Century might the vacant World entomb.

But *why* such Springs in th' universe arise,
Certain from Motion, and what Hand sup-
plies
Series of Causes chain'd to sure Effects
Infallible, as Bodies Light detects ;
Why the Cœlestial Sphæres around the World
By one circumrotation annual whirl'd,

From *East* to *West*, in fix'd Progression roll,
And not from th' Artick to th' Antartick Pole,
Why *Neptune* periodically raves,
And with his Trident tumbles o're the Waves
To make the Watry Elements Obey
Without Reserve His Dictates twice a Day.
Why Man directed through Invisible Ways
Stamps his own likeness on the Seminal Mass
And's Image as conform to Human Shape,
(3) [As Similar Vines produce a similar Grape]
Imprints, tho' hurried in a blind Carrer
He's Ignorant whence th' emergent form ap-
pear :

None but discerning Providence can tell,
Which Nature's Grand *Arcana* do's reveal.
Which crudles Fluid Matter into Frame
Irregular Solid, then Dilates the same ;
Till in the Secret Womb a Beauty seems
To stretch the Lump, and spread th' informous
Limbs.

Which

Book III. ABRAMIEAS 135

Which fenc'd with staple Bones, and cloath'd
By wh^{ch} within bones liv'd too and dwelt
With Sinewy Flesh, o're-wrapt with Ambient
Skin, After some Months Confinement breaks the
Chain, Moulded to Shape, and fashion'd into Man.
Miraculous Work! So wonderfully wrought
In dark Recess beyond the Power of Thought!
Unless Omnipotence 's suppos'd to give
Th' assistant Arm, and bid the Machine live,
That Sons of Men, engendring new Supply,
May Plant the World, as Individuals dye.

This *Abraham* knew, whom drooping Age
now gave,

A sensible near Prospect of the Grave.
And finding but one single stock remain,
T' ingraft innumorous promis'd Cyons on,
Thus

Thus, to his Eldest Servant summon'd, said,
Gravely, but yet by th' utmost Passion sway'd.

Come let my Thigh thy Solemn Right-hand
bear, And then [remember, I conjure Thee] Swear,
By him that made the Heav'ns Ætherial Frame,
(4) Where sits th' ineffable, Ador'd *I AM*
Who from the Dark Invisible *Nothing* form'd
Multang'lar *Chaos*, and Earth Orbicular turn'd,
That from *Chaldean Ur* thou wilt provide
A Careful Wife to Grace mine *Isaac's* Bed,
That's not a Stranger, *Cananean* bred.
Least by Contagion, like envenom'd Food,
A poysonous Race spring from Promiscuous
Blood.

Whose half Debauch'd Idolotric Son,
Attainted by connatural Infection,
May bow to Images, and slight the Lord
Who form'd the World by's mighty Plastic Word.

In tender Years, there's none too serious thinks,
How soon th' Impression's made, how deep
it sinks.

How easy Glittering Toyes drive Youth to
Vice,

And gaudy Gods, bedawb'd with Gold, entice.
So that if Nature Poyson do's imbibe
It gives a Taint to th' whole succeeding Tribe;
Thus if a Racer of *Barbarian* Strain,
Whose Fleeting Hoofs reverberate the Plain,
And Rider, Threatning every step a stripe,
Hangs low incumbent o're the Waving Whip,
Till with a Floating Reine, and Nose extent
The Barb decides the Covenanted Event,
Should with some Miller's grave unweldy steed
In Pastures Green by mix'd Conception Breed.
'Tis odds but future *Hetroclitic* Foal
With natural dulness would the Grindstone
roll,

And

And mutual Incarnation soon deprest
The Spirits wrapt in Miscellaneous Flesh.

Here Eliezer humbly bow'd the Knee
And thus reply'd with due Humility,
Suppose, my Lord, the far-fetch'd Damsel
Coy
My last persuasive Motives disobey.
Shall my young Master, baulk't at my return,
Amongst the slighted Cananeans burn?
For Love's a searching Fire, and kindled once,
Will peirce the very Marrow of our Bones.
But unexcited Fans with Genuine Heat,
And harmless Plays around the Heart, its Seat.
You know, my Lord, that Solemn Oaths are
built
On Jealousie, suspecting latent Guilt.
Where th' adverse Party byass'd with distrust,
Doubts whether Stipulator will be just.

And

And therefore th' utmost Test severe desires,
That Reason, or Religious Faith requires,
To extirpate Scruple, and ambiguous doubt
And blot the first ill-stamp'd Impression out,
Therefore *Eternal Truth* adjusts the whole,
Th' unerring Regulator of the Soul.
Now then if Omnipræsent Majesty
Be summon'd a Contract to Testify
Between my Lord, and *Eliezer* made
Who can th' Impossibility evade
Of Breach, where an unforcible Consent
M' outbalance all, and self-decide th' Event?
Far be it from my Gracious Lord and me
To call th' Almighty Witness to a Lye,
Or justify necessitated Ill,
Because dependant on anothers Will.
Here thrice in posture almost prostrate bow'd
The scrupulous Juror, and submission show'd,
With so much Modesty, and decent Grace
Before the Father of the Faithful Race,

That

That 'twas sure Index, that apparent Love,
Not Fear extorted, did's Obedience move.

Now the the considerate Patriarch say'd;

Revere,

Whom God directs 'tis impossible to Err.

No ; when Decrees *Æternal Fiat* pass,

They last beyond firm Monumental Brass.

Or, Adamantine fix'd impervious Rocks,

And indissolvable by Human strokes,

Nay ev'n when Time, through different chan-

ges tos'd, abounding in the continuous

Sunk in Immense Duration's wholly lost,

They in unexchangeable Succession run,

(5) Beyond the World's extinguish'd Sun and

Moon. Now arises the question of the moon.

He then that by's unalterable YEA

Bid me no longer in Chaldea stay,

三三

Book III. *ABRAM IDE IS.* 141

But seeke this Land, where now I've fix'd my Tent
Exhilarate with my willing Banishment,
Shall Crown thine Errand with design'd Success,
And *Abram's* God, will *Abram's* Servant bleis.
Go then, and prosp'rous Heav'n attend thy Care
And if the Nuptial Hymen bless the Pair
(6) More than two Sabbaths shall adorn the Feast,
Wherewith I'll treat the glad *Chaldean* Guest.
(7) Whilst *Jubal's* Sons Epithalamiums Play,
And Joyful Celebrate the Marriage Day.
Whilst *Zebey* both Consorts, eager of Delight,
With Charming, and Harmonious Notes invite
T' embrace in silent, and consenting Nighe
A Pleasant Ease; by gentle Slumbers won,
Then with fresh Aires salute the Rising Sun.
But if the Daniel obstinate refuse
(As Virgins oft with forc'd Reluctance use
T' urge Passion strong, because their Reasons
weak,
And 'cause they will not, will no Promise make.)

To

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To come with thee to Canaan Plains,
After much Luring, and repeated Pains,
Thine Oath's absolv'd, mine unsuccessful Son,
Shall here remain, and live possess'd of 's own
Till Chance, or rather Providence Divine,
Some other more Compliant shall ordain,
On whom in Dow'r b' Omnipotent Command
Isaac shall Joynure make of half the Land.
For God will make his Promise firm and good,
Tho' by what means unknown to flesh and blood,
And on my Sons of Sons for *Abram's* sake,
Unquestionable Settlement will make,
Of all these fruitful Vales, and spacious Hills,
Where in small Rivulets Spicy Balm distills,
Whose Oyly Springs the turgid Barks declare
And fragrant Odours load the Passive Air.

This charge being done, the sedulous Servant rose
Prompt with Obedience, hastning to dispose
of The

The Acondmick Government with Care
That with more quick Dispatch he might pre-
pare,

Himself, with a convenient Equipage
In such a Glorious Embassy t' engage.

First from the Studs, with Packs of different
Goods

Nine sturdy Gibbous Animals the loades.

Where two with Gold, and Silver led the Van,
The chief and best Persuasives to obtain,

A Mistress Grown impertinently Coy,

Who stiff will other Arguments denye.

Plac'd on the next fine Odoreus Gummis are
seen,

Adapted to the sweetnes of her Mein,

Which on her Rosy Cheeks in amorous way

With wanton steams, and fragrant Courtship

Changes of Rayments on two more were lay'd,

Some Plain, and some with Gold embroydered.

That

That if Sincerity would captivate her Mind,
She, like a Garment, Plain, and smooth, might
find

An Honest Heart, Begirt (as 'twere) with Love,
Whose very Plainness should a Passion move.
But if with Glittering Trappings He must charm,
And hang the Wooing Bracelets on her Arm,
The Rich Embroidery might recommend
A Future Golden Age to such a Friend
That would Her *valued self* exchang'd impart
To enjoy the Treasures of a Generous Heart.
Burdens of Food, and necessary Store
Of lumber Goods Four staggering Camels bore;
Some on erected Humps the Provender,
(8) Others swagg'd on the Leathern watry Jam.
That under weight depress'd no Brute might
Despirited, from want of meat and drink.
At last the Good old Pious Gentleman,
Not totally confiding in the Van,

Loads

Load's with a special Present, and a Prayer,
 A choice selected Carrier in the Rear.
 But what the Present was my Muse ne're knew,
 So close 'twas cover'd from the Publick view.
 But guesse's 'twas some Sacred Prävalent Power,
 To make his *Isaac* absolute Conquerour.
 And Bafle all the Wily Stratagems,
 That might obstruct and thwart his good designs.

(9) For on the Girts; as on Phylacteries spread,
 She *FAITH* in Golden Braided Letters read.
FAITH on each side, nay every part was seen,
 Th' Index of an Almighty Magazine.
 To these Attendant Blacks full splendour add,
 T' enhanse the Pomp of all the Cavalcade.

With all this noble Train to *Nabor* went,
 A City then of pretty large extent,
 The Travelling Seeker, at whose confines found
 A Well of Water bubbling from the Ground.

Here their Obeyfance first the Camels paid
Kneel'd down to drink; or seemingly, ('tis
said)

Drank *Isaac's* Health, and pray'd for's good
Success,

At least the Poet thus their Thoughts do's gues
'Cause Poets have a Liberty to *feign*,
Tho' he dares not too confident maintain,
Undoubted Truth confirm'd on either side,
Whether they pray'd, or not, because H' has read
One of a Brutal Family that cou'd
Judiciously Discourse to b' understood.

Yet from their Posture *Eliezer* took
A private Hint, and thus Devoutly spoke.

Omniscient Wisdom! whose All-piercing Eye,
Sees how the Seeds of things Conglomerate
Eauoye.
Beneath the dark Recesses of the Earth,
To give the fertile Trees, and Metals Birth;
Who

Book III. *ABRAMIDEIS.* 147

Who see'st the little Atoms how they move
In turbulent Order forcibly to shove
The latent form of Brooding Plants above
The Motly Surface of th' Terrestrial Globe,
T' Adorn it every Spring w' a verdant Robe.
O thou ! who knowest the Treasures of the
Deep,

Where Neptune and his Pickl'd Nereids keep
Imperial Court with Uncontrol'd Command
Whence bustling Tempests vex th' opponent
Land

Yet, as Commission'd Rovers, must obey
As soon's the Trident's wav'd o're th' Angry
Sea :

Tho' these *inexplicables* Nature Boasts,
Yet something more unscrutable thou know'st,
MAN's HEART, or what a Nicer Ken requires,
THE THOUGHTS OF WOMAN, heightned
by Desires,

Or by continual Aversation toss'd,
If in Intrigues of Love design'dly cross'd.
Grant me I pray (for Difficult's the Task
I undertake) the wish'd Success I ask.
That, when the Sun's Diurnal Course begins
To cease, and faint irradiation Shines,
She that of all the Damsels of the Town,
Who to this Watring-place this Evening come.
Bids me with Liberal Heart, and forward
Care
Drink unmolested, nor do's Labour spare
For all the bending Cattles quick supplies,
Whom distant Waters now but Tantalize.
(10) May, as a *Lot* from thy Cœlestial Urne
Drawn, to my Master *Isaac's* Fortune turn.
And by the Language of the Careful Maid,
Fully convinc'd of all th' Almighty said.
I by that Sign Demonstrative may know
God on my Master will that *Lass* bestow.

Under *His* Wing, I'll never doubt Success,
For whom *He* guides, all Second Causes
bless.

Thus Ships dance safely o're the Watry Plain
The blustering Storms, and Boystrous Waves,
d disdain,

When guided by the Masters cautious Skill,
And steer'd from Point to Point Th' obey his
Will.

But if They loose this sure directive Guide,
No longer safely on the Ocean ride,
Tho' all the Tackle, and the Rigging's good,
But fall a Prey to th' unrelenting Flood.

Scarce had he finish'd his Discourse, but
came,
Substance o'th' type, a Bethuelian Dame.
From *Nahor* in a second Lineage Sprung,
Whom thus t' address he affably begun.

Fair Damsel, and He then submissive bow'd,
 Of's Embassy, and her Reception proud.
 For ne're was yet promiscuously apply'd
Madam to Mistress and the Chamber-maid.
 These are but Scabs sprung from a Popular
 Itch

Of Pride, which has debauch'd our very
 Speech.

‘ Give me, I pray, to quench my thirsty Soul,
 ‘ Water, that may’ts Impetuous rage Control,
 ‘ These troubled Sands, and Climate’s Violent
 ‘ heat,
 ‘ Make me with Zeal so pressingly entreat.

Freely (says she) if you’ll vouchsafe to take
 From Strangers Hands such Presents I can
 make.

Let me for *All* petition’d Water draw,
 For I your wants with just compassion saw,

Your

Your Thirsty eagerness to gratify,
And panting Mute attendants to supply.

Swift as Imagination rolls o're Thought,
If possible so soon it could be brought.
The ready Damsel with her Pitcher stood
Exhausting liquid Comfort from the Flood.
First from the *Suppliant* an Acceptance prays,
To's Servants next respectful Tribute pays.
At last she drench'd th' irrational craving
Crew Whose boundless Appetites no *Medium* knew.
Nor drank they to be satiate from the Trough,
But overloaded with *suppos'd* enough,
That a replete uneasiness might tire
Their sooping Jaws, and terminate Desire.
Mean while, as Planet-struck, He stood agast
Not so much wondring how she drew so fast,
As how so well-proportion'd Limbs were found
Amongst a People not for Shape renown'd,

Nor with a Callous Skin impervious made,
Tho' oft in labour'd Services employ'd.
But softer than the Downy Silk-wormes Bed
Or fibrous Hammock, spun with living thread
Whereon he lays his wrapt Obdormant Head
Till from *another kind of self enate*,
His Soul transmigrates, o'res regenerate.

Next He admir'd the Tresses of her Hair,
Whose Golden sparklings fill'd th' imblazon'd
Air, And shone with darted vigorous light around
Sufficient evn an Hermit to confound.

(ii) Had the Beleaguer'd *Carthaginians* slings,
Or Bows been strung with such resurgent
Strings.

The charming Arms had quickly clear'd the
Field And made with double Wounds th' Invader
yield.

But

But that which most his Admiration won,
Was, that tho' oft saluted by the Sun,
Yet the warm Kisses from his Torrid Face
Could ne're the Beauty of the her Skin debace.
At last with Wonder and Confusion struck,
As from a Swoon reviv'd, he softly spoke.

So fair, so lovely, and a *Virgin* still?
Had she not *Power* to Kill, or wanted *Will*?
Or could she like the Bristled Porcupine,
Shoot, or contract Her Darts upon Design?
Her *Pow'r's* unquæstion'd, tho' the Subject may,
Whether Impressive by such a Ray,
Which perhaps *hardens* Natives of this Land,
And makes th' *Obdurate* Clods more senseless
stand.

As for that resolute faculty, Her *Will*;
None doubts a Female's willingness to kill,
Once arm'd with Power, altho' she may despise
With haught the suppliant conquest of her Eyes.

Thus

Thus a Majestic Lyon raging round
The Hills and Dales of some devestate Ground,
Views with Contempt, and grasps with care.

Less Paws,
Ignoble Preys, unworthy's Royal Jaws.
But if H' a fierce and roaming Tyger meet,
Lays the contending Victim at his Feet.
Is Charming *Venus* here belov'd, or fear'd,
That as yet none this Damsel has ensnar'd?
Or do's the Climate petrifie their Hearts,
And make Impassable by *Cupid's* Darts?
O! Tell me inspir'd *Erato* the Cause
Why such a Beauty should neglected pass.
For I, Heav'n sees my conscious Heart relent,
Touch'd at first prospect melt into Consent.
(If I durst Love) My faultring Spirit's sunk,
And giddy Soul with too much gazing drunk.

Here the Judicious Muse præsum'd t' advise;
Forbear unnecessary Scrutinies.

Not

Not every Cause with every Subject joyn'd
Produce the same Impressions on the Mind.

Man, as from Meats, a *relish* finds in Love,
Pleasant, or not, as various Passions move.

And as the Tast in different ways excites
Our unaccountable strange Appetites,
So from an Object different Motions rise,
To feed, and glut our wanton roving Eyes,
Or slightly the alluring bait to pass,
As if, like Wines, we *Palated* the Face.

Hence some Men Grey-ey'd Mistresses adore,
Because like Owles, at Night they shine the
more.

Others with Oblique Glance are soonest took,
Tho' Nature form'd the languish, and the look.
A Third is burnt, and scorcht b' a Conscious
Flame,

Because the Black Physiognomy's proclaim
A latent Fire, lodg'd in their Hearts recess,
Discovered by the smoaky Visages.

(12) Nay

(12) Nay ev'n a Female, Nature's laughing-stock,

Whose Gibbous Shoulders seem to overlook
 Th' elongate Face, and guide th' uncautious Eyes
 Least they should fall poor Captives by surprize.
 To some seems *Beauty* wonderfully fine,
 Without, *They say*, a Sinister Design,
 Then doubt not why the *Fair* not all admire,
 Because from different Springs arise desire.
 Besides th' Almighty frequently involves
 In Darkness things beyond our weak resolvs
 When the Allwise Omnipotence designs
 To bring about some undiscover'd Ends.
 Who knows then but for *Isaac's* kept in store,
 This *Beauty*, t' all imprægnable before ?

Thus far the Reasoning *Erato* reply'd,
 Urg'd Truth so close, as cou'd not be deny'd.
 Which made the Grave sollicitor stand mute,
 And interrupt a while his Ardent Suit.

Till

Till with fresh Vigour recollect'd spake,
And th' stupify'd Admirer silence brake.

‘ Has God design'd a prosperous Event?
‘ Or am I here unfortunately sent?
With that, as instigat'd by Power Divine,
He brisk demands —
— ‘ From what Descendant line
‘ Art Born? Thou *lovely Fair Angelic Flesh*,
‘ What Name thy Family distinguishes?
‘ Where dwell thy Parents? if from Earthly
‘ Breed
‘ So Goddess like, and Glorious Form proceed?
‘ Tell me, Fair Maid, art thou of *Nabor's* blood
‘ Or does some lying Spirit me delude,
‘ And with illusive pageantry deceive,
‘ To make seem true, what I should not believe?
‘ Accept these Ear-rings, and these Bracelets take,
‘ They altho' Mute, my plain Intentions speak.

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‘ Heav’ns high, and mighty Lord who rules
‘ above

‘ Th’ Aetherial World, and knows the Maze of
‘ Love,

‘ For my young Master has determin’d thee;

‘ By signs Demonstrative a Wife to be.

‘ Therefore, my Soul, all adoration pay,

‘ And with repeated Hallelujahs Pray

‘ To th’ Omnipræsent, who’s vouchsaf’d to bleſs

‘ My small endeavours with so great Succes.

Who bath not Abraham my Master left
Of signal Mercy, or of’s Truth bereft.

But to his Kindred, his own Genuine Race
By Providential Clue has made me trace
A certain Path, as if th’ Affairs of Love
Did ne’re in Intricate Meanders move.

Faith is my Master’s, and his Servant’s guide,
Thou must undoubtedly be *Isaac’s Bride.*

All signs Concur from th’ *Infinite* requir’d;
And God has stamp’d the Impression I desir’d.

A *Wife*? a *Bride*! Two pretty Names indeed,
The smiling Virgin modestly reply'd,
Who is this *Isaac*? — That, I thinks the Name,
You mention'd, Sir, or I mistake the same.

Here *Laban* interrupts the Blushing Maid,
Least by her Words a Passion she betray'd,
And's Sister in Amours too forward prove,
As sometimes happens by o're-cred'lous Love.
Which might this *Innocent* surpriz'd deceive,
For what we wish, we eagerly believe,
But tho' the Brother by pretended Power
Silenc'd Her Tongue, no doubt she thought
the more,
Whilst He, driv'n on with diffident disputes,
The quæstion'd Arguments thus Prosecutes.
Not to Confound, but search the Truth more
nice,
And fathom whether 'twere his own Device.

I've heard of th' Ancient, and thrice-noble
Stemne,

Of Worthies born from our *Noachian Sem*,

(13) *Arphaxad, Salab, Heber*, justly show
A Progeny of Wealth, and Honour too.

Peleg, and Reu, Seleg, and Nahor's Race,

With Native Grandeur all *Chaldea Grace*.

Nor flourish'd less in Glory *Zerab's Sons*

From whom our near Descendant Lineage
comes.

Haran and Nahor, and Bethuel are known,

Whom Fair *Rebecca* do's her Father own.

But my Great Uncle *Abram* left this Land

To wander, God knows where, by God's
Command.

And with my Barren Aunt has fix'd a Tent

In some unheard-of foreign Continent.

Whence

above T. two all over w. red w. m. 21

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Whence came this *Isaac* then? That makes
pretence,

And Consanguinity Derives from hence:

What? is He Young that would my Sister have?

I warr'nt, The Barren Womb this offspring gave.

Our Kin! yet here unknown to *Nahor* Dwell?

Whom all the *Syrian* Familys know so well.

Sister, beware, least pompous artifice

Of Flattering Words your yeilding Heart sur-
prise.

As *Laban* roughly thus His Thoughts express'd,

The Patriarchal Trustee thus Address'd.

Tho' I misfortunes tremble to relate,

Nor can the Strange Vicissitudes of Fate

That in my Masters Family befell

Without a Greif and conscious Horror tell:

Yet I'lle begin, before I Food receive

Laban shall Hear, what scarce He will Believe.

M

Now

(15) Now more than Sixty times the radiant Sun
With agile pace his Annual Stage has run
Since first my Master by Divine decree,
Immutable from all Aæternity
From's Native *Chaldee* unappr'hen'sive driv'n,
(16) T'o a starvling Country tho' a promis'd
Heaven
Dwelt on the *Cananean* Continent,
And glory'd in his close Retirement.
'Tis strange, a man of so polite a fence,
Of such unquestioned Wisdom, on pretence
Of finding New, unknown, and Dubious
wealth,
With th' utmost hazard of his Life, and Health,
Should quit *Chaldean* Ur's delightful Plains,
And scorn the certain for uncertain Gaines.
Strange as it seems, yet stranger Things I'll
tell,
Things Wondrous-more incredible reveal.

(17) Before swift Time had Six and twenty Years
Began to measure by Cœlestial Sphæres.

Since *Abram* from Beloved *Haran* went,
And 'midst Ten Mighty Nations fix'd his Tent,
Expectant they should Vassals all become
T' a Powerful Issue from a Barren Womb,
Strange hopes! That very Womb brought forth
an Heir,

And from Age Vigour sprung i'th' sapless Paire
Laban, Believ'it? methinks, you scan mine Eyes,
As if I'de gloz'd this History with lyes,
You seem t' attend with scornful negligence,
As if I'de varnish'd 'ore a fine Romance.
Or you'd extort, b' intensely staring, Guilt,
Never within m' undaunted Conscience felt,
And make my Looks to contradict my Words,
As if ashame'd to cite such vain Records
But if these Truths your haughty Pride disdain,
And of m' Imaginary Whyms complain,

Let me not from *Ludibrious* scorn b^r exempt,
 But on my Soul amasse your whole Contempt.
 When I have done my Sacred Narrative,
 And giv'n my Reasons why you shou'd Believe.

This Heir no sooner in the World appear'd,
 And's little Eyes around the Chamber gla'd,
 But the Fond Father, over-joyd with Bliss,
 Thus spake, and mix'd with with every Word a
 Kiss.

My Son, thou mute Intelligent as yet,
 'Shalt be beyond ev'n expectation Great.
 'Ten mighty Kingdoms, That adjacent reign,
 'I'll give Inheritance to Thee and Thine.
 'As far's *Euphrates* circling Arms surround
 'The Western Vales, and Hills conterminete
 Bound.
 'As far's confrontine *Ægypt*s Limits run
 'With Great *Euphrates* parallel extension.

Now

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Now seems not this a Crazy Frantick Dream,
And possible by *Thought alone* for Him
Such Great, and Potent Princes to Dethrone,
Settling th' escheated Land on's Infant Son ?

When conscious of his weakness, He could Pay
(18) Th' obliging *Hittite* but for *Micahpelab*, }
One feild, who now gives liberal All away. }
Such Language fit for any Pratling Nurse
Or Melancholly Doating Fool of course
Laban perhaps may Think, and justly too,
Surveying Things by superficial View,
But *Faith*, as th' Evidence of Things unseen,
Draws o're Her objects an Opacous Screen.
So that with a Keen intelligent Eye
Into such *Truths* most Curious Searchers pry.
For what my Master said, He can make Good,
If but His Promise rightly's understood.
Nay more He spake, From single Thee shall
rise,
Now but Indormant Possibilitys,

Thousands of Noble, and Imperial Race,
To stock this Land, and Store th' abandon'd Place.

Again, Because your Longing Soul may thirst
More Knowledge, tho' receiv'd with high Disgust,
This very Son, the Sole and only Prop
On which expectant *Abraham* Built his hope
That in long Series of successive Reigns
Monarchs might flow from *Isaac's* fruitful Loyns,
My Master *Knowingly* on th' Alter lays,
A fondling Innocent for Sacrifice
And eager of the Prey w' extended Knife,
Devour'd flow Time to rob the Youth of's Life.
Tho' conscious this surviving Heir alone,
Must all the Promis'd Generations own ;
And had, had not some accidental Luck
Prevented th' o're-præcipitated stroke
And bid b' an undeniable Reprieve,
Th' Aggressor, Cease ; and destin'd Sufferer,
live.

After

After the Bloodless Sacrifer came
(19) Glad from the Mount of God, by ancient
Fame,

Denominator of the *Morian* Land

Where now the Royal Jebusitic Hand

With a Majestic State the Scepter Sways,

Which easy *Salem* undisturb'd obeys;

Swift as an Arrow from th' extended Bow,

Nothing but Fame itself could swifter go,

A ready Messenger from *Hebron*'s sent

My Mistress's desperate Case to represent

To Her Ignorant Confort at *Beersheba*'s Well,

And there the Melancholly Tydings tell.

Who told how Her expiring Breath was spent,

With's own sob'd out in hasty Discontent.

For now the Motion of His swift Carrer

So forc'd from's spungy Lungs th' Imprison'd

Air,

That scarce sufficient for the vocal Tone,
And to drive vital Circulation on
Remaind, but Words now seem to run, now
Creep,

Or with an undulous Vibration leap.
Such strange irregular Bounds does *Hast*
create,

When Thoughts would speak, the Voice to
anticipate.

Thus Waters from ill-managed Sluyces flash,
Now with an whole Impetuous torrent Dash,
Then with a broken interrupted Wave
The Subject Sand with strokes sub sultring
Lave.

How're the Fatal News H' intrepid heard,
Nor with the Discompos'd Harangue's deter'd.
But, as with *Providence* accinct, fore-cast
T' amend the loss, and heal Misfortunes past;
And

And by a supplemental Daughter gain
At least Alleviation of his pain,
If wholly not forget the dismal Day
Wherein the pale *Abramian* Confort lay
Extended Breathless on the fable Herse.
For Mourners find no better true redress,
Than by a kind of Interchange of Fate
From Objects New, their Grief to mittigate.
'Tis therefore on this Errand that I came
By his Command to a consanguineous Dame,
Who by her Mutual Conversation may
Expel that Sorrow, or at least allay.
But when I came, distrustful of Success,
I pray'd that God my dubious Care would
Bles,

That I by Signs indubitate might find
The Virgin for's Son's Nuptial Bed design'd.
All Signs, as 'twere unanimous, concurr'd,
As if Directive Providence assur'd.

That

That my Vicarious Labour were'nt in vain,
Spent on so just, so noble a Design.
If Riches may for absent *Isaac* plead,
And settlements demanded, if they Wed,
Isaac's as Wealthy, as *Rebecca* Fair,
Both of Heav'ns Blessings double Portion share,
Who ever could a fitter choice Create,
Than on the fairest Tree t' Inoculate
The Richest Fruit, least dwindling Springs be-
tray

Th' ignoble Stem, and shrievel'd Buds decay?
Your Uncle *Abraham*, as if over-bles'd,
Labours with *Plenty*, seemingly oppres'd,
If Affluence can Burden our Delight,
Or Wealth compil'd inquietude excite.
Silver and Gold, the sordid Misers Gods,
Confus'dly heap'd, His Treasuries o're-
loads.

(20) Ev'n Beauteous Teraphims of Massy Gold.
By whom pretended Omens are foretold,

Adorn'd with Orient Gems, contemptuous
Boys,

Gugaws, and Instruments for Childish Plays,
Neglected stand in every Room of His,
Tho' here ye adore the little Deitys.

Abram's Sequacious Train of Servants grown

So Numerous, make an odd Domestic Town,

Who all obsequiously their Duty pay,

Proud only when they please him, and Obey.

Thousands of's Camels, rove o're distant plains,

Who Treasure up Cœlestial swallow'd Rains.

Which on the *Arabian* Sands, in casual Showers

Kind Heav'n by stated Distillation pours.

Least by a torrid Thirst, th' improvident Brute,

Perish fatigu'd of Water destitute.

His Flocks and Herds in order numberless

Declare Him ev'n Fortunate to Excess;

In short He's grown ('tis folly to repeat,

Or each particular Grandeur to relate)

A Mighty Prince, beyond Expression great.

This

This is the Estate (and who can larger crave?)
My Master to his Darling *Isaac* gave.
Who only begs *Rebecca* but to share
United Blessings of's Paternal Care;
And now solicits but one Jewel more
T' enhanse the Price of all his valued Store.
Resolve me then, that I, return'd with speed,
May not, with wretched Expectation fed,
And mock'd by illusive hopes, be long delay'd.
Thus as he finish'd His Discourse, He bow'd,
And reverence with a just Decorum show'd,
But *Laban* with an aukward look Salutes,
The pressing Oratour, and thus disputes.

Methinks the story, Sir, that you've ex-
press'd,
With fine Improbabilitys is dress'd.
And a concise Harangue you've nicely told,
As fashion'd from the same ingenious Mould,

About my Sisters *Matrimonial Bed*,
Her *Husband, Dower*, and God knows what
you've say'd.

Pray don't my Uncle keep a Royal Court,
Where all such goodly Promisers resort?

Where no Plain-dealer, surly, and Uncouth,
Molests His Peace with bold uncivil Truth.

But *Such as You* at's Dayly *Levee* wait,
'In Number always, as in Favour great,
Trim with Evasions, shifts and fine excuses,
To hide intended, and design'd Abuses?
This by *Your Words* perhaps I may believe,
Because conforming Actions can't deceive.

But when impossibilities y' Obtrude.
You but with Courtly Gallantry delude.

My Prudent Uncle quit the Native Soil,
With long fatigue of Travail and Turmoyl?
To seek another Land, He knew not where,
Only perhaps its Name by chance might hear,

And

And there o're Swoln with hopes expect to
Thrive?

Will so th' Idolaters there Plenty Give?

What must we Think (your tale so strange I
find)

But the Good old *Patriarch* was Mad or Blind?

Again, when with fresh airy Flight of Sence,

You some New-modell'd Compliments dispense,

Vaunting the *Progeny of Barren Wombs*,

From whence th' Imaginary *Isaac* comes.

Don't you our Reason question, and suspect

We have not Understanding to Detect

These Natural Impossibilitys,

But must espouse for Truths all you devise;

As soon from Pumice-stone may Rivers flow,

Or men, like Trees on Rocky Mountains grow.

And *Noah* sooner's wooden Cavern toss'd

Above the Flood, *prægnant* with Animals boast.

From

From the same Loom another Thread you've
spun,

Which in one Line Guides th' Incohærence on
Mine Uncle settles on His Son a Land!

Where, *without leave*, Himself had ne're re-
main'd.

Where with Puissant sway Ten Princes Rule,
And Domineer without the least Controul.

I Hope He'll wisely ask Their free consent
Before He make the Promis'd Settlement..

Or Give a firm Possession to His Son
Of Lands, That never yet were in his own.

Nor *will* perhaps, till All the Nations round,
Dead with some raging Pestilence are found.

Or the Devouring Sword surpris their Power,
Besmeard with Blood, and Drunk with Human
Gore.

Then He indeed, as Derelict, may seize
The Desert Country, and their Lands possess.

Rest

Rest but till *then*: Then thus I prophesie;
'When Distinct Floods of th' *Erythrean* Sea,
'Erect, like solid Walls, Divided stand,
'And Wave from Wave receding Shores the Land.
'That o're th' unwatry Bottom numerous Hosts
'May pass secure, and Dry to Distant Coasts,
'Whilst their Pursuers Perish in the Main
'And in It's Liquid Arms Embrac'd are Slain.
'When *Jordan*'s River retrograde shall flow,
'And with resistless torrents Backward go,
As if Rebellious 'gainst the Fountain Head,
'With clamourous Demands they Visited
'And with tumultuous Waves a faction spread
'Then may th' *Isaacian* Sons, and not before,
'Brag of their Portions, settlements and Dower.
'Yet e'vn not *Then*, if *Abram* had the Fate
'To shew such little Wisdom's you relate,
'To Kill the Only Generant of's Race
'Before successive Sons supply'd his Place.

"That

'That Non-Existent Causes might demise

'Right well Impossible Futurities.

Hold! Hold! says *Eliezer* not so fast
All Arguments grow weak, if urg'd with Hast.
'Tis Passion then Imperiously that Rules,
And from Their Coverture *uncases* Fools.
For Solid Reason's Thoughtfull and sedate,
Weighs Causes, and Effects considerate.
Not on the Bark of Things too loosely Plays,
Nor into Heav'n's *Arcana* Rudely Pry's,
When God's Immediate Finger points the Way
And marks the Path, impossible to stray.
With what precarious Colour, and Pretence
Dare you Dispute against Omnipotence?
You Snarl, and Grin, and Quarrel at the Stone
But won't perceive the Hand by which 'twas
thrown.

When Human Eye's Sole Judge of wrong and
Right,

Passion, like Jaundice, soon perverts the sight,
All Objects makes indiff'rently appear,

Unicolour, not Really what They are.

And not because Perfection th' Organs want,
But the Disease spreads a Diffusive Taint.

Thus your Diseas'd, and Inconsiderate mind
Grows with fallacious Reason Mad, or Blind.

Remember 'twas th' Almighty's sole Command,
Abram should leave his own, and seek a Foreign
Land.

Alas! you'r Young, and therefore I forgive
If what you never heard, You ne're Believe.

(21) But now Remember 'twas th' *Eternal*
Lord

Great *ADONAI*, the Increased Word,
Wh^r unlock'd the Barren Womb, and made It
bear

By *Faith* the Midwife, an apparent Heir.

Know'st

Know'st Thou why Corn imbowell'd under clod
Of Soli'd Earth, by Laboring Oxen trod,
Branches t' a Greenish Blade, and Tawny stalk?

Solve *this* by your Philosophizing talk.

Suppose It is adapted by Its shape
To extricate It self from matters Lap,

As Figure often adds to Bodys more
Aptness for Motion, than they had before,

Yet what dos'ts poinant Angles drive erect
To penetrate the crusted Surface so direct,

Or all the Grassie Fibres so distain,
To form a Verdant Carpet o're the Plain?

What can the Colours add? can Corn so move,
And Germinate without the Power above?

No, 'tis Impossible; then why should you
Dispute so vain, what questionless is True?

Again, Remember, and consider Well,
For I no Courtly spruce Bravado's tell,
Tho' you can Scoffs so liberally dispence,
Deride my Master's Wisdom, and his fence,

That the Sole Heir of All the Promis'd Race
He should for Sacrifice on th' Altar Place
Before a Good *Reserve* of Sons He saw
T' amend the Grand Defect, and hide the flaw;
Remember still, I say, b' Omniscent choice
H' obey'd unmurmuring th' Almighty's Voice.
And would unscrup'lous Sacrific'd His Heir,
'Cause *HE* commanded, who could never Err.
'Twas *Faith*, not Human Reason was His Guide,
God Bid not Murder, but's Obedience try'd
For *Faith*, and *Reason* have a different Dress,
This with a Kind of Intuition sees
All things, as pure Angelic Natures do,
And gains full Knowledge at one Single View;
But *That* by strings of Causes and Effects
At best but dubious Evidence detects,
Till mounting by so Long, spun Argument
We climb, like Spiders, Wisdom's high ascent.

Or by a chain of Thoughts descend the Deep,
From thence, Suspence in Judgment, upward
creep,

To bring up Truth, as Ancient Sages tell,
That cover'd lyes Invisible in a Well,
Before we show th' appearance that She beares,
And to the World unfold the Veil she weares.
'Tis by this *Faith* the Pious Patriarch led'
Will certainly give *Isaac* all He said,
Because th' Almighty's Voucher on his side.
By the same Power and Influence I came,
Entrust'd sollicitor for this Lovely Dame.
What I relate, I positive profess,
God, as to Man, told *Abram* Face to Face.

Laban amaz'd at *Eliezer*'s charge,
Thus with Dejected looks be gan t' Enlarge
Shame and Confusion o're His Face was spread,
When He consider'd what *Eliezer* said.

For whilst He spake Ingeminated Rays,
Inlighten'd's Understanding, and His Eyes.
First an Illumination on the Mind
With Spiritual Irradiation shin'd,
By which He learn'd the Message was Divine,
And not *Eliezer*'s plausible Design.
Then with Imblazon'ry Bright Bracelets shone,
And Gems Auricular wrought Confession,
That Solid truth Bold *Eliezer* spake,
And Testimonial Jewels confirmation make.

I'ſt ſo? ſay's He, Come Blessed of the Lord,
Whose ſteps Th' Infallible A&Eternal Word
Has hither Guided through untrodden Ways,
Tir'd with long Fatigues of Sultry Days.
Our ſelves relenting Conscience must confute,
When once *Omnipotence* we dare Dispute.
My Father *Bethuel* freely Gives consent,
And *Laban* can't but's Arguments repent,

For

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For since the Business do's proceed from God,

We cannot Answer Either Bad, or Good.

Go take *Rebecca* to The foreign Land;

Who the Almighty Proxy can withstand?

Thousands of Millions from her Loyns begun,

May *Isaac's* Dear *Rebecca* Mother own.

Only few Days left Her with us remain,

That, as a Virgin, She may Entertain

Her pretty Fellow-Virgins with Delight

And the Glad News with Melody recite.

This Speech Impatient *Eliezer* heard,
But the Request deny'd, which They Desir'd;
Nor did the Damsel Bogle at consent,
But with the Diligent Conductor went,
For a Maids Inclination strongly Bears
When but the Sound of *HUSBAND* fills
Her Ears,

Or by Her Angling Charms She seems t' have
caught

The Prize, or feels it Nibble at the Bait.
Then Mounted on a Camel, which before
So Valuable a Burden never bore,
Rebecca With the Glad *Eliezer* Rode,
The Charge Subordinate of *Abrahams* God.
Till She arriv'd the *Cananean* Plains ?
Where She unloos'd the Brutes coercive Reines,
And nimbly Lighting from His Gibbous Back,
Thus with surprize and some confusion spake

Who's that Walks yonder ? What ! Is that
the Man ?

Who seems to' admire with Earnest looks our
Train.

Or i'st some Jebusitic Renegade
Who seeks these Grottos for an Escapade ?

Pray,

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Pray, Sir, who iſt? Good Sir, Resolve me,
Pray?

Eſt.] 'Tis *Isaac* walking in the cool of Day.

To meet, no Doubt, the Fair *Rebecca's* Charms,
And wrap himself in Her Encircling Arms,
For Expectation gave but Dubious Life,
Blended with fears, and Melancholly Grief.

Now you shall see the Thoughtful Youth revive,
And Joy from's Pensive Brows all Sorrow drive.
As soon's irradiate with your Charming Looks;
Like Birds, whose frozen Souls the Sun un-
locks,

From long Hyernal Prison's Themselves to-
bear

Suspence, and Fly around expanded Air.

With that Sh' a circumambient Veil put on,
And did Obeyſance to His Master's Son.

Eclips'd those Beauties, who transcendent Light,
Might else Obscure, and Blind the Gazers Sight

Thus

Thus to His Mother's Tent *Rebecca* led

(21) With th' Index of Impower'd Subjections

Wed,

That Glorious Day, which rather seem'd t' appear

Without Solaceisme a Diurnal Year.

All *Abramites* with Circulating Joy

And Pleasures now almost fatigued, Employ.

With mutual Interchang'd Delight they Rose,

And with the same Sweetn'd their last Repose,

But above all Joys, none can take away,

As Endless as the Great *Eternal* Yea,

Fill'd Every Soul, and Crown'd the Marriage

Day.

The End of the Third Book.

O B-

OBSERVATIONS ON THE Third B O O K.

(1) **G**lobous World to some appears. —
The Measure of time is vulgarly computed by the Motion of the Sun, tho' later Philosophers, attribute that Motion to the Earth, and make it fix'd as a Centre. Now whether the one moves, or the other, it not much Matters as to the distinction of Time, and Phænomena's of Heaven, they being still the same. But in this I have follow'd the Vulgar Opinion of Mankind by attributing the Distinction of Seasons to the Motion of the Sun, tho' elsewhere I follow the Opinion of the Modern Philosophers. vid. Observ. 2. on the first Book.

(2) Nor does the Microcosme ——
Man is generally calld the Microcosme, or lesser World, as the Heavens, Earth, Air, &c. are called the Macrocosme, or Greater World. In both the eminent hand of God is very conspicuous as to Frame, Beauty, Order, and Composition.

(3) E-

(3) — Emergent Form appear.

The Work of Generation is one of the greatest Demonstrative Proofs of the Power of God that no Philosophy is able to explain it. This the Holy Prophet David owns, Thou hast cover'd me in my Mother's Womb, Psal. 139. v. 13, I will praise thee for I am fearfully and wonderfully made, v. 14. My Substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in Secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the Earth, whereby Substance is meant Body, and the lower parts of Earth, the Bowels or Womb.

(4) — Ineffable Ador'd I AM.

The Jews had an Opinion that Jehovah was the proper Name belonging to God, and therefore out of Reverence never would pronounce it, when it occur'd in Holy Scripture, thinking it a Prophanation to use it in their Mouths. But used Adonai, which signifies Lord, in the room of it, as a Title rather than Name, arising from God's Power or Lordship over all Mankind. So Ineffable, and Ador'd amongst the Jews was the Name Jehovah, this very Name does God call himself by, Exod. 3. v. 14. Denoting the Nature of Eternity, and Existence in ways, in the present time, there being no Past, or Future in God.

(5) The World's extinguish'd Sun and Moon. It was a very Ancient Opinion amongst Heathens, as well as Jews, that there should be a general Conflagration of all this visible World, insomuch that Dr. Burnet in his Archæol. Philos. reckons it an Opi-

Opinion unscrutable whence it had its rise. That it was likewise the Belief of Christians, appears by St. Peter, who speaking of the Day of Judgment, says, The Heavens shall pass away with a great Noise, and the Elements Melt with fervent Heat, 2 Pet. ch. 3. v. 10. & v. 12. The Heavens being on Fire shall be dissolved, But the Decrees of the Almighty shall never be chang'd.

(6) — More than two Sabbaths —

The manner of the Jews Festivals at a Marriage is not much different from the Custom of Christians now in respect of Rejoycings, but as to a time it was generally prefix'd to seven Days, as Judges ch. 14. v. 10. 11. Sampson continued his Feast seven Days, viz. until a Sabbath, as I may say, of Days were pass'd and gon. Parallel to this Custom was that of their Mourning for the Dead, which was generally seven Days, and gave Ground to a Proverb, Septem ad convivium, septem ad luctum: Tho' for others, this was not a stated Rule, the Mourning lasting sometimes thirty Days, Deut. ch. 34. v. 8. And the Children of Israel wept for Moses thirty Days.

(7) — Jubal's Sons Epithalamiums —

Jubal being the Son of Lamech the Patriarch was the first, or Father of all such as handle the Harp, and Organ, Gen. 4. 21. whose Generation may well enough be suppos'd to have propagated the Science of Musick to Posterity. Upon which Account in the Common Acceptation of the Words, all Musicians may be term'd Sons of Jubal originally, as Men

Men are said to be of the same Fraternity. The Songs usually Sung at Marriages were rather Psalms and Songs of Divine Praise, that foolish Madrigals, and other ludicrous Songs, if not Obscene sometimes, now-a-days us'd at the Solemnities of Marriages. These were called *Hillulim* in the Hebrew Tongue, and *Epithalamiums* in the Latine, as Sung oft ad thalamum at the Bed fide.

(8) — The Leatherne Watry Jar.

It is an Observation of Historians, That Travelers who pass over the Desarts of Arabia, load frequently their Camels with Water carried in large Leatherne Vessels, made for that Purpose. So that according to the Custom of these Eastern Nations, its not incongruous to reason, to suppose Abraham's Servant Travel'd so too.

(9) — As on Phyllacteries —

There are different Opinions of the Learned about Phyllacteries of the Jews, what they were. Epiphanius is said to interpret them to be Purple Studs or Flourishes worn on the Garments of the Pharisees, not unlike the Laticlaviu, or broad Garments of the Roman Senators, others think them to be Scrolls, or Schedules of Parchment, worn not only by Pharisees, but also by Sadduces, nay even by our Saviour himself, according to the general Command in the Mosaic Law, Exod. 13. 9. But the Pharisees for Ostentation sake, wore larger and broader then any Sect else, for which our Saviour reprimands them, Mat. 23. 5. On these Phyllacteries were wrote several things relating to the Jewish

Re-

Religion, and the Mosaic Laws, then roll'd up, and bound on their Foreheads, or left Arm, or both.

(10) —— Cœlestial Urne.

It was a Custom amongt the Romans to cast Lots of a Dye out of a Dish, or Narrow-mouth'd Vessel, call'd Orca, by Persius and Pyrgus by Horace, so that to prevent a jogging with the Hand, every one might play fair. But others say it was a Pot, with a long Body to it, set in the Ground wherein Boys used to thro' in that Talus's or Tessa. to decide a Game in the Roman Plays. This Pot was in a large Sense call'd Urna, or an Urn, altho' properly an Urn is a Pot, wherein the Ashes of the Dead, after their Corps were either Burned, or Moulder'd to Earth, were reserv'd to posterity.

(11) Had the Besieged *Carthaginians.* —

The Expression of Lucius Florus, lib. 3. cap. 15. Is crinibus Mulierum in Vincula Tormentorum solutis, The Hair of Women making Ropes or Strings for their Slings. So I apprebend the Word Tormenta there mention'd, tho' now apply'd to Guns, which the Carthaginians, then besieged, could have no Knowledge of. The Commentator on this Place mentions several other Historians relating Cases of the same Nature, where Women have made Rope - Ladders of their Hair to scale Towns, &c.

(12) Nay

(12) Nay ev'n a Females, Natures —
 Octavius Cæsar us'd to abhor Deformes, as Naturæ Ludibria, says Suetonius. All deform'd People as the Jest, or Laughing stock of Nature, as if they were sent into the World to be ridicul'd. The usual Deformity that attends Hump-back'd People being a long thin Face, call'd in Latin, Faciem Elongatam, a Face stretch'd out longer than usual, as it were, I have here described to be no obstacle where Lust prevails, by that very expression from the Latine Tongue, which in that Language is so significant. —

(13) Arphaxad, Selah, Heber, &c. —
 The Generations of Sem could not but be known in Chaldea to Bethuel, who is call'd Bethuel, or the Syrian, Gen. 25. v. 20. This Syria is call'd by the Jews Aram, and in Scripture Mesopotamia, Judg. 3. 10. containing in a large Sense Phœnicia, Palæstine or the Holy Land, and Syria properly so call'd. Now as Chaldea was a Province of Asia in Assyria, so are Chaldeans and Assyrians very often promiscuously call'd by the same Name, and the same People are meant by both. Therefore Chaldea, call'd Ur the Country of Abraham, I apply to Syria.

(14) Whom all the Syrian Familys know so well.

As I before observ'd, there were two Places call'd Syria, the one as before-mention'd, and the other in the latter Acceptation, which is bounded on the North by Cilicia, and the lesser Armenia, on the East

East by Mesopotamia, divided from it by the River Euphrates and Arabia Deserta. On the South, it hath Palæstine, and Phœnicia, and on the West the Mediterranean Sea. In this Syria its probable were seated Originally most of the Familys of Sem, tho' afterwards they overspread all Chaldea.

(15) — More than sixty times the radiant Sun.

The Time that Abraham lived in Canaan, at least since by God's Command. He left Ur of Chaldea, appears to be an Hundred Years, as may be computed by comparing, Gen. xij. v. 4. being 75 Years of Age, with Gen. 25. v. 7. when He dyed at the Age of 175. Out of which number deduct 25 Years the time that Sarah was Barren, to compleat the Hundred Years which was the Age of Abraham when Isaac was born, Gen. 21. v. 5. It appears Isaac was 75 Years of Age at his Father's Death, out of which take 40, at which Age Isaac by the Opinion of most Writers, marryed Rebecca and add to it the 25 Years before-mention'd, it was just 65 Years after Abraham came from Ur of Chaldea, when the Servant met Rebecca, and entreated Her to Marry Isaac His young Master.

(16) — To a starving Country —
Vid. No. 8. In the Observations on the First Book.

(17) This is Calculated in No. 14. above-mention'd. It being, as appears, 25 years before Isaac was born.

O

(18) Obli-

(18) — Obliging *Hittite* but for *Machpelah*.
Vid. pag. 112. After the Death of Sarah, Abraham petition'd the Hittites, saying, I am a Stranger, and a Sojourner with you, give me a Possession for a Burying Place with you, that I may bury my Dead out of my sight, Gen. 23. v. 4. And the Children of Heth answered again, v. 6. And entreated Ephron the Son of Zoar the Hittite, for the Field call'd Machpelah. These Hittites being one of those Nations God had promised to drive out from before the Seed of Abraham. Gen. 15. v. 20. Inhabited part of Canaan, and dwelt about Hebron, where Abraham's Wife dyed, on the East of the Philistines, with whom Abraham and his Posterity for many Years convers'd, buying of them the Field called Machpelah for a Burying place. Now all this Country is under the Dominion of the Turks, tho' many Jews intermix'd still inhabit there, and are Subjects of the Grand Signior.

(19) — Denominator of the *Morian Land*.
Vid. Observat. No. 12 on the Second Book.

(20) — *Teraphims* of *Massy Gold*.
*Teraphims were Images of a Man, or certain Statutes made after the compleat Image of a Man. Such was that of Michol, the Daughter of Saul, who took an Image [Teraphim] and lay'd it in the Bed, 1 Sam. 19. v. 13. when she secur'd the Escape of her Husband David. But more particularly it signifyeth an Idol or Image made for Mens private use in their Houses, like those call'd *Lares*, or Pe-*

Penates, Household-gods amongst the Romans, whom they ador'd, and consulted in many Cases about their Worldly Affairs amongst the Heathens, of which Laban was one who had such Gods, as appears, Gen. 31. v. 30. *Why hast thou stolen my Gods, my Teraphim.* They were also made by Astrologers under certain Constellations, and so consulted to gain more Credit amongst People that the Stars gave them certain Intelligence of things. These Rachel stole away, as some think, that Laban might not know from them which way Jacob took his Flight.

(21) —— Impower'd Subjection's Wed. The Wife when she was presented to Her Husband, covered Her Head with a Veil in token of Subjection. Which the Apostle calls Power on her Head, 1 Cor. 11. v. 10. That is, says the Marginal Note, A Covering in sign that she is under the Power of Her Husband. Why the Apostle denotes this Veil, as Power, seeing it imported the Mark of Subjection, is a Criticisme explained by Mr. Godwin from the Hebrew Root, signifying to Bear Rule, from which the Word that signifies Viel is derived, But an Etymological Reason hardly ever bears Weight, And I take it to be, that Marriage gave Women under the Care, and Protection of their Husbands several Powers, or Privileges which a Virgin had not, and this Veil was

was an *Indix* of *Her Power* so lodged in *Her*
over many things, tho' a Mark of Subjection
towards Her Husband, and Honourable also.
Thus the Hair is said to be a Covering or Veil
to the Woman to her Glory, v. 15. of the same
Chapter above-mentioned.

Abra-

Abramideis.

BOOK. IV.

The ARGUMENT.

After the Death of Sarah, Abraham marries Keturah by whom he had six Sons, even in his Old Age. Isaac also marries Rebecca, the Daughter of Bethuel, who was Barren 19 Years. For which Abraham, and Isaac are troubled. Isaac prays for Rebecca, That God would open Her Womb, and cure her Barrenness. She by an Echo imagines Her self to be accidentally inform'd of Her Conception; but being somewhat diffident, consults a Seer or Prophet, who assures Her to be with Child of Twins. She distrusts the Truth of the Seer till convinc'd by the strugling of the Twins in Her Womb she is sensible of Her Conception. Abram's Death and Burial in the Cave of Machpelah by his Son Isaac, whose Soul went immediately to Heaven. A Description of Heaven. Isaac takes upon Him the Patriarchal Government of the Holy Seed after Abraham's Death. Jacob and Esau Born from

Rebecca. Their different Characters. Esau sells his Birthright for a Mess of Pottage to Jacob. Isaac being dim-sighted by Reason of Infirmitie, not Age according to the Patriarchal Lives, sends for Esau to get him Savoury Venison. Rebecca bears the charge Isaac gave Esau, and immediately sends for Jacob, and instructs him to go before-hand and get the Savoury Venison for His Father, that He might get the Blessing first. Rebecca and Isaac argue the Danger and difficulty of imposing on the Father, but at last he undertook it, and brought Isaac Savoury Venison, before Esau could prepare His. The old Father is distrustful whether it was really His Son Esau, or not, whom Jacob now personated by the contrivance of His Mother, dressing Him with His Elder Brothers Cloaths, and the Goat-skins to make him feel Hairy as Esau was, Isaac eates the Savory meat Jacob had prepar'd, and blesses Him, giving Him Dominion over his Elder Brother.

Nature in Summers changeable Array
Ore th' Earth do's fine Embellishments.
display.

Ceres and Flora with an Æmulous Art
Their useful Beauties mutually impart.

A Fruitful Bounty Liberal *Ceres* yields,
And Golden Garniture spreads o're the Fields.
Where chirping Birds in warbling Notes invite
Th' Attentive Listner *quickning* with Delight.
Flora fair Lillys, and the Blushing Rose,
The Modest Virgin's Emblem do's expose.
To move th' unthinking Lovers Eloquence,
And rouze the stupid Animal into Sense.
Thus, whilst with Summers Heat bright *Titan*
Shines,
And with a strong Meridian Influence Reigns.
Nature, o're clog'd with Pleasures, never tires,
But Wanton Basks in Warmth of full Desires.
But when rough *Winter* shows its Hoary
Head,
And the crisp'd Earth's with Snowy Mantles
spread.
Benumb'd with Sympathic Cold we droop,
And all our Spirits to Frost complyant stoop.

These Goddesses, then stript of gaudy Charms,
Extend their Naked, and Inglorious Arms.

Then, as if wearied Nature slept a while,
We pinching Cold, and Cares with *Fires*
beguile.

Force from suppositious heat Relief,

And make a kind of Artificial Life.

Till with reverting Glorys *Phœbus* Shine,

And *Spring* brings on the natural Life again.

Such are th' inconstant interludes of Fate,
Such Mutabilities of Human State.

Sometimes to th' utmost stretch, and full
extent

Of Joy, our Spirits stand, as over-bent,
Unactive, 'cause we know not what to crave
T' enjoy, beyond already what we have.

Then, as too much relax'd, again they flag,
As if o'rewhelm'd, and sunk into a Quag,

Whence

Whence with the Prop of weak Phylosophy,
Or Dictates forg'd by curious Subtlety,
We lab'ring strive to lift up Groveling Man,
O're plung'd in Sorrow, but attempt in vain.
For all Scholastic Comforts he derides,
Where Fate th' unerring Revolution Guides.
For Interchanges of our Joys and Grief,
As necessary, as Seasons, are to Life.
Move by the same Grand Providential Wheel
And by a kind of Circulation tell
Each others Rise and Fall, as naturally
As Day succeeds the Night, and Night the
Day.

Dead *Sarah's* room *Rebecca* thus supply'd,
A Nuptial Veil the Sable mourning hid.
In whom for's Mother's Death the Pensive
Son

Was comforted, and to revive begun.
Thus a Successive second Marriage made
The Pious Patriarch, now declining, glad.

And

And Both as when Meridian Influence warms
 Benumb'd Norwegian clasp expanded Arms,
 Around each Consorts neck, and wanton play :
 Th' exemplar of a Glorious Summers Day.

As before God there 's no disabl'd Age
 But twice Centenal Years m' as brisk Engage
 In Cupid's Wars, and as strong Efforts make
 As the most Vigorous Youth can undertake,
 If God but please *Elastic Power* to Give
 And bid the *Spring of Life* in th' Embryo Live,
 So *Abram* now, tho' Overladen seem'd
 Beneath the weight of Sevenscore Years to
 bend.

God with fresh Principles did Instigate
 A Second Progeny to Generate.

(1) Tho' now no Jewels, Gold, or Dowry-
 Bill

The Solemn Matrimonial Rites fulfill.

Six Labours of th' Imprægnate Concubine
Were but Appendages of *Isaac's* Line,
Where the main Current of Inheritance Ran.
For altho' these Derivative Rivulets sprang
Emanant wholly from one Fountain-head
Not Every Stream with equal Bounty 'i fed.

Tho' *Abram* full of Plenty, full of Years,
Exsatiate ev'n beyond Desire appears,
Yet something still Remaind, as Counter poise,
If not out Balanc'd all Transporting Joys.
For now *Rebecca's* Barreness out weigh'd
All Pleasures, and th' Unequal Pressure made.
Th' alternate Scale had long, with Pendulous
Load
Depress'd, beyond an *Æquilibrium* stood.
Till *Pond'rous Faith* being added to the weight,
Made the depending Opposite too Light.

The

The sad Concern of *Abram*, and His Son
For the Long-promis'd Seed made Both, as
One,

Under a Great *Unsavourie Plenty* Groan
Thus did Each Consort Mutually display
Th' Exemplar of a Gloomy Winters Day.
Yet *Isaac* by Paternal Influence taught
What Miracles a Resolute Faith had wrought,
By Grave advice, desponding Human aid,
Thus for his Comfortless *Rebecca* Pray'd,

Almighty Parent of the Universe,
Whose Power every little Atom Shares :
By whom alone th' Imprison'd Seeds of Earth
Let loose, Receive a Constant timely Birth.
Who Open'st, when Thou please'st, or Shut'st
again,
Repositorys of Impetuous Rain ;

(2) Who

(2) Who with the *Key of Life* unlock't the Tombs.
And with the same command't the barren Wombs.
Grant, I beseech Thee, Thy *Prolific Key*,
By some Angelic Hand may ope the way
Whereby my Barren Consort, may conceive,
And th' *Unlock'd Womb* a Living Treasure Give.

Full Nineteen Years with steddy Confidence
Isaac had thus Fatigued Omnipotence,
Urg'd by Unstaggering Faith storm'd Heav'n
by force,
And still the Ungranting Deity Implores.
Untir'd with Pray'r H' assaults the Mercy-seat,
And wou'd, tho' Unremember'd, *still* intreat
That God *Rebecca's* Scandal would remove
By *One at least* Endearing Pledge of Love.
As thus One Morn in Melancholly Mood
With looks Dejected Thoughtfull *Isaac* stood,
Rebecca to Divert his troubl'd Mind
Thus speake, altho' to Grief Her self inclin'd,

Lest

Last Ev'ning as Musing on my Wretched
State

Beneath a verdent Canopy I Sate.

Which by some Busy Shepherds artfull Hand
Seem'd to be made with Branches intertwin'd.

The little Birds hopt Wanton round my Feet
And with Their trilling Notes *Rebecca* greet.
Each Three or Four of Pretty warblers brought,
T' expell, (you'd gues) my Melancholly
thought

‘ Ah! Then said I, what Pleasure here d' I see.

‘ Joy in excess to any One but me ?

‘ Delight so Innocent, and Harmonious too,

‘ Who but *Rebecca* cou'd disconsolate Veiw ?

Each Three or Four? — 'Twas there I felt the
Wound ?

That was the Dart that did my Soul confound.

And

And as a loud I spake beneath the Bower
Growning, and Sighing, to Torment me
more

A *Tatling Something* Echo'd *Three or Four.*

Hereat I turn'd me Round, awhile *Amaz'd*,
And on the Trees, and Shady Coverts gaz'd,
That *Speaking Something*, if I cou'd, to find,
And know why th' angry Prater was s' un-
kind.

Wa'st not Enough that I with modest Grace
Th' Opprobious Scandal bore of Barreness?
At every Merry Gossipping despiz'd,
When the Poor Innocent was Circumciz'd?
But in This lonely Grove a dismal Noise
Must Haunt my Soul, and Quiet discompose?
And with a scornful Repetition tell
My secret Grief, Grief that I wou'd conceal.
'Tis so, said I, Then down again I sate,
Pensive, and as at First, Disconsolate.

But

But had no sooner Spake my silent Wo,
But th' Envious Listner said again, 'Tis so.
This made me Start with more Confusion
Struck;

So in a Passion I my Seat forsook.

What is some Spirit here That tells the Gorges
My Childless Fate, and Unconsummate Loves.
(Thought I) if so, no Longer here I'll Stay.
But from my Cruel ubraider Steal away,
So up I rose, then spake, as Soft 's I cou'd,
To mute, I Thought, and unintelligent Wood.
'Proud with Four Young yon frisking Chirper
leaps,

'And with's fond Brood in's plumpy Cabin
Sleeps.

'But I (Heav'n Grant I don't too much reflect
'On Providence, or Its care of me Suspect)
'Mourn Childless still, and Miseries renew
'As oft this Feather'd Family I View.

' I'll part with all my Jewels so to live,
' My self of every valu'd thing deprive,
' And for one Child *Rebecca ALL CAN GIVE.*
The Words no sooner from my Lips were
fled, And I dejected hast'ning home to Bed,
But th' Sawcy Imitator of my Voice
Reiterated, *as I think,* the Noise.
If me th' Erroneous Sound did not deceive,
'Twas something like — *Rebecca shall Conceive.*
Wou'd, what Prophetic Pratler said, were true,
I-de Pardon, and Reward's Reviling too.
But I'm afraid my troubld Thoughts forbode,
No such good News, but I misunderstood.
The dubious Mocker's false Intelligence,
Tho' this I know, I've ne're been well e're
since. Some living things, methinks, within me rove,
Struggling, as if for Mastership they strove.

If I'm with Child, strange Symptoms me
surprise,

If not, 'tis fit experienc'd Dames t' advise.
But, hold, if Prægnant, I the Bliss must own
Sent in Compassion from th' Aëternal Throne,
(3) Therefore some Seer, God's vicarious
Voice,

And Cabinet-Counsellour of the Skies,
Can best inform whence spring th' uneasy Pains,
And what the seeming combating maintains.

Wing'd with Devotion, and intense Desire
To know the Mind of this Oraculous Seer,
Away she hast'ned with impatient Speed
'Twix'd Hopes, and Fears Her Distiny to read
So when she told the Reverend Sage Her Tale
Thus he Unriddl'd the Mysterious Ayle.

*Thy rumbling Bowels big with two Nations swell
And in thine Womb two different People dwell,*

Tha

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That one in Princely Mightiness exceed,

That th' Elder serve the Younger, is Decreed,

Two Nations? and Two People? muttering said,

*Th' unsatisfied Inquisitrix, and shook Her
Head.*

Who can such plain Illusions tamely hear?

*Unless a *Spawn of Children* I shou'd bear.*

Those mighty Nations must be very small

*Sure, if *Rebecca* can conceive 'em all.*

Big with two People? How'll the World Believe,

But that the Seer design'dly did Deceive?

When flying Fame this Monstrous Tale shall

spread

A Woman with Two Nations brought-a-bed.

*Well! But perhaps 'tis *Mystically* meant,*

I'll wait my time considerate, and th' Event.

Thus she began with Discontent t' appeal,

When she return'd from the Prophetic Cell,

But in the School of Faithful *Abraham* taught,
 Was ne're to Hopeless Fear desponding brought,
 For *Isaac* now with Joyful Arms embrac'd,
 His Prægnant Confort, and th' Almighty prais'd.
 That He vouchsaſd with Gracious Love to
 Bless

Rebecca, and grant the Importun'd Success.
 For, as the Seer Prophetically told
 What in Cœlestial Archives was enroll'd,
 Before pale *Hecates* diffusive Light,
 With a full Face ten Months survey'd the
 Night.

The long'd-for Birth Salutes th' Approaching
 Morn,

And a brave Pair of *Stocky Lads* were Born.
 Strange was that Birth, as sacred Records show,
 The first that e're *ambitious Embryo's* knew.
 Is't possible so surly a Vice should reign,
 Where there's no quarrell'd Dominion to main-
 tain?

Yet,

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Yet, as if straitned in a Dark recess,
Each wou'd from's Natural Prison force re-
lease.

Both for *unknown Priority* contend,
And with like speed th' immantling Membranes
rend.

Eager which first th' enlightn'd World should
see,

And make't His own b' Original Survey.

(4) As *Julius* with a *look* Dominion gain'd,
Whilst others labour'd Victorys obtain'd.
Tho' inscious yet what might their Minds
Delight;

Whether Submission, or Oppressive Might,
Whether t' obey, or to command were one,
Good different from bad, or right from wrong,
For's yet the soft, and undiscerning Soul
Wrapt, as in a close Voluminous Rool,
(5) No *Table* purely shav'd unfolded spread,
To take th' Impressions of things done or said.

But the unblotted Plain, envelop'd lay,
Spotless i'th' secret Womb secluse from Day,
Till brought to Light, it op'd the Winding
Folds,

And *Sensual Knowledge* first distain'd the Scrolls;
Yet 'tis prodigious strange, as if they knew,
Their Power Both acted, at least seem'd to do.
For He that Primogeniture aim'd t' apprise,
And first would launch into the World's
Abyss,

Press'd by a Rival's hindred in his Flight,
And with his Hand first only touch'd the Light.
Thus far the Conquest's won, and Victory
gain'd,

The Second Offspring now the Pass maintain'd.
That to the Sublunary Regions led,
Where Night and Day reciprocal succeed.
But as H' attempts to force th' embarrass'd
Way,

Close at his Heel th' Opponent dragging lay,
That

That if at all, He difficult shou'd find,
To *Elope* into the *World* *first* unrestrain'd.
Thus when two Particolour'd Jockeys strive
Which at the distant Goal shall *first* arrive.
With manag'd speed the cautious *Riders* try
Which shall the swift competitor *Outvie*.
Tinker *first* starting, *whirls* along the *Plains*
Chumping on's bit, and plays with slavering
Reins.

Till *Dragon* scouring with impetuous stretch
Bears side to side, and's foaming *Rival* reach.
Which when *Blew-Bonnet*, now o'retaken, sees,
Jostles on's Chest, or crostles th' envy'd Ways.
Till with a Sudden jerk Brisk *Dragon* springs,
And with swift Hoofs the dusty Surface flings,
Like a Tempestuous Hurricane of Wind,
And *Red-cap* Leaves th' incumbring *Slug* behind.

As time brought Joys, so not long Distance
brings
Successive Grief, and chang'd the Face of things.
For *Abram* now in Winter of his Age,
Finish'd this World's vexatious Pilgrimage.
To the cold Tomb of *Machpelah's* consign'd,
And there once more his Heart with *Sarah's*
joyn'd.

Once more with Her in peaceful slumber lay'd
The Pious Patriarch, *free among the Dead*,
There Sleeps, till Night succeed the Day no
more,
Till th' useless Sun renounce irradiant Power,
Till, as absorpt in one Aternal Blaze,
Both shall revive and at each other gaze,
Transfer'd to Glorys so immensely great
Beyond the Power of Man to Estimate.

Tell

Tell me bold Muse, (if any Muse can tell)
What Glorys in these Heavenly Mansions
dwell,

Speak, but with Modesty, thine Humble tale,
'Tis no Disgrace in great Attempts to fail.

Above the Regions of the starry Skie,
Whether our Souls by *thought alone* can fly,
Whilst they'r imprison'd in the Carnal Mass,
Which clogs they'r speed, and does their flight
depress.

Above the wide Invisible expanse
Where Heav'n outstretch'd by Architect Im-
mense,
Forms on a Planisphære intensely bright,
As 'twere a vast extended *Sun of Light*.

There's plac'd a Throne, all pav'd with pu-
rest Gold,

Cast, and refin'd in some Cœlestial Mould,
Whereon

Whereon twelve noble Massy Pillars stand,
With the same Artifice, and metal fram'd:
Fix'd on whose Tops to admiration shines,
Huge Globous Forms, exhaust from Heav'nly
Mines, *et quoniam longe mi consigil on sit*
Seeming in Shape to represent a Star,
Only they'r Bigger, and they'r Brighter far.
And if small things we may compare with
great, *et quoniam longe mi consigil regit in aliis*
To make my rude Conceptions adæquate,
As if th' Almighty shou'd the Sea condense
To a solid Diamond by's Omnipotence *et quoniam*
And in Orbicular finely turn'd *et quoniam*
•Twere plac'd on th' Earth Cylindrically form'd.
There sits the Grand *Mysterious Negative* }
A Nature which we cannot but believe }
Tho' such as Human Reason can't conceive. }
Whose Essence in *Immetry* of Place }
Is bounded by *Infinity* of space }
Whose

Whose unscrutable Origine began,
Before Beginning ever had a Name.
Something, if Human Reason judge aright,
In second Causes visible to sight,
As far's Invisibility gives light.
Such an Existence that our Fancy's apt
To imagine Dark in Contradictions wrapt,
Because its long Duration do's extend
To Interminable Term, and endless End,
Good God ! How Reason here bewilderd's lost
In what Confusion, and Ambages toss'd ?
When it attempts that God to Comprehend
Whom still Incomprehensible we find.
Vain Muse ! Beware, and now consider well,
Say, there's the Being Impossible to tell,
What, How, or Whence Existing ; Who alone
To Himself, Because Omniscent, 's fully known,
(7) Whose Name's I AM, whose first chief
Effluence
Coazous with that Name, 's Omnipotence,
There

There He, above imagination great,
 Beneath a Glorious Canopy of State,
 All-fring'd, as Poets say, with Light immense
 Spun into Rays b' Almighty Influence,
 Thunder, and Lightning with Tremendous Arm
 Dispenses, Heav'n to shake, and Earth Alarm.

On His Right-Hand there stands a graceful
 Form,
 Like Human, yet was more than Human born.
 Who seems to *Labour* pleading at the Throne
 Of Mercy, as if every Case were's own,
 And with an indefatigable Care,
 Empty large Censors full of sighs, and Prayers.

(8) Around this Throne a *Spirit*, like a
 Dove,
 With gentle Airs incessantly does move,

Who

Who on his Wings the Plaints of Mourners bears,
And with soft Plumes wipes off their triling
Tears.

Who with *expanded Pinions* overspreads
The *Naked*, and their Bodies warms, or Hides.
And with a *vigilant* hovering every where
Surveys th' afflicted with peculiar Care.

O're *Sickly* mortals, as 'twere, *Brooding* fits,
And with *Compassionate Cooing* heales their
fits.

Or at their Feet himself a Victim lays
To attract the Venom of th' *Acute Disease*.
If Soul or Body from inveterate Taint
Of Sin, or Sickness ground a just complaint.
He th' *Hungry* feeds, as if they were His
Young,
And th' *Orphans* learns to murmur out a Song.
To Imprison'd *Captives* He proclaims release,
And bears the signal Olive-branch of Peace.

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In short, all greedy Man can wish, or bear
This Spirit gives, sollicited by Prayer.
Grants either what necessity requires
To avert Man's Fears, or gratifies Desires.

Close by these *Three* two Eminent Powers
stand, ~~aid them driv~~ ~~aid them driv~~
The chiefest ready Messengers at Hand.
The first enforces with a Brandish'd Sword
The angry Dictates of the Almighty Lord,
Who if ~~He~~ speaks, shakes all the Pow'rs of
Heav'n ~~in the world~~ ~~in the world~~
As if they sculk'd t' Aetherial Covert driv'n.
Thunder from's Mouth, and Lightning from
his Eyes, ~~in the world~~ ~~in the world~~
Swifter than thought, with flaming Ruine
flies ~~in the world~~ ~~in the world~~
Justice provok'd exhales with livid Breath
This wondrous Language made of Fire and
Death.

But

But if the sad Repentant Sinner plead
And at the Throne submit's dejected Head,
A *Second Spirit* with extended Arms
Hugs the poor Miscreant, and unfolds his
Charms.
With a *Low Voice* pronounces a Reprieve,
And bids the Penitent no longer Grieve;
For if sincere, and constant He remain,
And ne're to wretched Folly's turn again.
Mercy disarms that dreadful Form of Power,
And makes him scatter Punishments no more.
Here Heav'nly Joy to full perfection brought,
Unsullied, by triumphant *Mercy's* wrought.
'Tis this inspires the whole Angelic Choir,
For Heaven's not Heav'n, if *Mercy* were not
there.
This is the Fountain whence all Joy begins,
And solid Mirth from such Complacence springs.
Methinks I see how Pleasant and Serene,
With what an affable and Goodly Mien

The

The *Son of Man*, as if o're-fond were grown,
 Presents the Pensive Sinner to the *Throne*.
 Methinks whilst th' anxious Penitent reviles
 His sinful State, the cheerful Godhead smiles.
 The Cross that bore, and Nailles that's Body
 tare;

Are now forgot, as if they never were.
 There's nothing seen amidst the crowded Skie,
 That the least Glimpse of Sorrow can defery,
 Only perhaps to heighten those Delights
 And raise a Laughter 'mongst Cœlestial
 Sprights,

Satan sometimes, being bas'd in Pursuit,
 With a curs'd *Grin*'s permitted to Salute
 The pardon'd Sinner, tho' he ne're can damp
 Those purest Joys, or least Impression stamp.
 Old Heathen Poets aggrandiz'd their Gods
 In which ev'n Honest *Homer* sometimes nods,
 (9) For large Ambrosial Viands at their Feasts
 And sprightly Nectar for immortal Guests,

With

With which besotted Deitys supine,
And satiate with too much Cœlestial Wine
Obliquely reel'd from Heav'n's Aethereal Seat,
And fell into the World Intoxicate.

O! Vain Satanic Artifice t' obtrude
Such Fooleries th' uncautious to Delude.

What are these Gross Indulgements of Sense,
Compar'd to the Beatific Effluence?

When with enlarr'd Desires immortaliz'd,
Our Natures unconceiveably surpriz'd,
Shall find uncloying Raptures in Excess,
Above the Power of Language to express.

Which, tho' w' eternal repetition giv'n,
Shall but augment our gust of Joys in Heav'n.

All Passions there absorpt in Love Divine,
With the same Face, and same sedateness shine.
Ambition there once strove t' erect her Head,
But conscious in those Regions never bred
Retir'd amaz'd, and glar'd with haggard Eyes,
To see th' Intrepid Hierarchies despise

Her haughty Power with *Lucifer* Dethron'd,
And in *Her* Room stands meek *Humility* crown'd,
Whilst *He* with angry Grin bit 's shackling
Chain,

And wou'd, tho' exil'd, Heav'n by force regain
All here their *Wealth* deposited expose,
And none from bold Invadours dreads a loss,
'Cause the Gate's lock'd by an Almighty Key
And but one sorry Thief e're pass'd that way
Sickness with clouted Jaws, and wan *Grimace*
Waits with undaunted Impudence the Place,
Pres'd by *Satanic* Influence and Death,
To gain Admittance for'n empoysoning Breath
But *Life* and *Health* with Adamantine Chain
Opposes Barriers and beats back again
Th' Encroaching Fiends, who to repulse unjus'd
Sneak from th' Impassive Essences confus'd,
Sickness, or *Death* are ne're so much as nam'd
Much less within those Heav'nly Mansions
fam'd.

In short ; *There full Serenity of Mind is wrought,*
Beyond the utmost possibility of Thought.

Hither the Soul of Abram wing'd Her
Flight, ~~and now is now dead as bone~~
Who swallow'd in th' Abyss of vast Delight,
Now 'midst Archangels, Angels, Cherubins,
Inspir'd Eternal *Hallelujahs* sings: ~~blueb~~ ~~blue~~
Whilst *Isaac* by his Wise Example led,
The Patriarchal Government supply'd.

The Chieftains under whose Monarchic Care,
Who Prompt obey'd with reverential fear
Were the two manly Twins contentious grown,
From Seeds of Discord ev'n from Nature sown.
Litigious about something ever since,
That look'd like Power, or seem'd Präemi-
nence. ~~now has about~~ ~~blue~~ ~~blue~~
For, as if Soul, and Body too, being cast
In different Moulds, distinct formations pass'd,

Th' agreed in nothing, but to Disagree
About pretended Superiority.

‘ *Esau* in Body and in temper rough
‘ *Jacob* in both was always soft and smooth.
Esau delighting in the Forrests rov'd,
And above all the Bow, and Quiver lov'd.
Jacob could ne're such toylsome Pleasures brook
But above all lov'd th' easy Shepherds-hook.
Esau from Chase to Chase rang'd unconfin'd,
Free as the Air, and Boundless as the Wind.
Jacob in Tents a solid Peace enjoys
Free from the Bustling sport, and Hunters
Noife.
Esau with's Hairy Skin wild Beasts Decoy'd,
And unsuspecting Savages destroy'd.
Jacob with rural Pipe delighted Sung
‘ Mongst Bleating Flocks, and gently led the
Young.

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Esau the *Father's Darling*, and Delight
'Cause *Primogeniture* demands a Right.

Jacob, the *Mother's Fondling* was caref'd
'Cause Females always love the *Dilling* best.
Thus, as if Nature first had form'd a Mass,
In th' Womb, of one Peculiar lump of Flesh,
And then, foreseeing it Principles contain,
Impossible t' unite in Living Man,
Designd'ly split, and rent the same in twain,
For Both by *Signatures* distinguish'd show
That Animosity may *Natural* grow.

(10) Philosophers of old with Specious cant
Much about *Twin's unanimous Passions* Rant.
How from one Soul two different Actions

Spring,
As one Vibration moves two Unison Strings.
Then with like gravity Presume to tell,
How in each Mind *Congenerous Struglings* dwell.

Q 3

That

That each Fraternal Partner must Condole
 If Grief affect but one Compassive Soul.
 If t' Other with enlarg'd Desires rejoice,
 How Joy transmigrates, and they Sympathize
 Such is the *Learned Trumpery* of Schools,
 Who make, or else suppose, all Others Fools.
 But here intire Dissention, ever new,
 Increas'd with Age, and *hardned* as they grew.
Consolidate Ambition, as they strove,
 Eras'd th' Impressions of Fraternal Love.
 For *Esau*, almost famish'd, now intreats,
 The surly Brother, and thus supplicates.

Es. O're Pathless Woods, and solitary Vales,
 O're craggy Mountains, and through Braky
 Dales,
 O're the Wild Wast, and unfrequented Ways
 (11) Where scarce th' Aerial *Sylvian Gods* can
 pass.

Long

Long in pursuit of th' angry foaming Boar,
Or wounded Stag, distain'd in reeking Gore,
Vain have I labour'd, o're-fatigu'd, and spent,
And my distracted drooping Spirits faint.

Give me then *Pottage*, least my dubious Breath,
Unable twice to ask, expire in Death.

Jac. Brother Petitions always we receive,
With the Material Question, *Will you give*
For your Request a Good A&equivalent?
This is the Worlds *Emphatic Way* to grant.

Esf. Can I suppose a Natural Love, so cool,
So Mercenary, and Base, shou'd e're controul
Th' Innate Affections of so near a-Kin,
On such a trivial, and so mean design?
Where's your Compassion? 'cause a Degenerous
Age

Debauch'd with selfish *Avarice* do's præfage

All lost, that's giv'n, unless the Grantee make
 The like return, or payment undertake.
 If so, Ten Shekels be thy Recompence,
 Th' *extorted price* of Blood and cruel Expence.

Jac. Sylver and Gold, the Greedy Misers
 Care,

Are my Contempt beyond a Beggars Prayer.
 Unless your Birth-right's vain Prærogative,
 That *useless Pageantry* of Power you give,
 You to your self th' *extorted Price* shall keep,
 And I'll go rove amongst my harmless Sheep.
 Es. If *Vain* and *Useless*, why should you pretend
 I? Usurp a Title, which you discommend,
 And if I Dye, will *certainly* Descend.

Jac. 'Cause to be branded with Opprobious
 Thrift

At the last gasp for a *Compulsive* gift,
 Argues but base Complyance, and consent,
 Ungenerous, for what you can't prevent.

For

For if you live, and highly prize the grant,
Hunters no Titles of Distinction want.
The stupid Prey discerns no difference
Whether the Dart came from a Slave, or Prince.
And if you die, 'tis Generous and Brave,
That you so Great a *Memorandum* gave,
T' oblige a Brother seemingly unkind,
Before your last unwilling Breath resign'd,
Ef. Then take my Birth-right, purchas'd in
Despite.

Fac. Then take my Pottage in exchange for right.
Here they Agree, with some reluctance, Both,
And the curs'd Bargain's establish'd with an Oath.

Within the Chambers of the spooming Sea,
Where nimble Fish in wrigling Dances play.
Around huge *Whales*, those Islands of the deep,
Where scaly Monsters watry revels keep,
Exalted Rocks erect their towring heads,
Whose craggy sides Vermilion-Coral spreads,
Which

Which like a flaggy Weed, a softness shows,
Whilst it beneath the Liquid Surface grows.
But if from thence b' adventrous Diver drawn,
By softer Air is Petrifyed to stone.

Thus in the dark retirement of th' Womb,
When th' Embryos were to full proportion
grown,

Index of Life, a strugling first appear'd,
And with uneasy plyantness they stirr'd,
Their feeble Limbs with voluble Motion roll'd,
And the same Springs perhaps their Souls con-
troul'd,

Whilst they lay couchant in their *Watry Beds*,
And Membranaceous Bags enwraught their tender
Heads.

But now *Breath'd Air*, as if by Magick Art,
An *Universal Stiffness* do's impart.
Of which not only Bony bulk partakes,
But it the *very Soul Obdurate* makes.

And

And on't such firm *solidity* bestows,
That to all Mercy't wholly impervious grows:
The Dying Brother no Compassion mov'd,
Nor for the Gift of Birth-right is belov'd;
(12) But the Red Rottage made him more
Despis'd,

And a Scorn'd *Edomitie* characteriz'd!
Next Fondling *Jacob*, by *Rebecca's* Wit,
As if H' had sole Monopoly of Right,
By wily Craft the Father's Blessing stole.
Part He deserv'd, and therefore claim'd the
whole.

Strange Fate of Things! yet where th' Al-
mighty's Hand

O're rules, who can Resistless Fate withstand?
Heavens Grand Proprietor can all things give
To whom He please, and, if He please, De-
prive

The long Possessor of pretended Right,
And make Him quit's Possession in Despite,
Else

Else Sawcy Man would scorn th' Enervous
 Power,
 Or scoffingly the sleepy *Baal* adore.

Old *Isaac* now with Glimmering light fur-
 vey'd

The Forms, and Features different Colours
 made.

Objects the sight with weak Impressions
 struck,

Aud the Dim Eyes Obscure *Ideas* took,
 When with a Fatherly caressing pleas'd
 His First Born *Esau*, thus Concretnd H' address'd.

‘ Thou know'st, My Son, where wanton
 ‘ Does abide,
 ‘ Whose tender Kids o'reshadowing Thickets
 ‘ hide.

As

us 'Or where by Mothers side they gamesome
us 'brouze,

ur. 'Or if affrighted, sculk amongst the Boughs.

'Then to the Wilds of *Paran* quickly go;

'Arm'd with my Blessing, and thy Quiver and
ur. ' Bow.

'And bring from thence one of the fairest

'Fawns,

'That frisks about the un frequented Lawns,

'Then with Auspicious speed make savoury

'Meat,

'Such as my Hungry Soul Delights to Eat.

'That, since th' uncertain Period of my Days,

'May swiftly come by unsuspected Ways,

'Th' Obedient Son my Grateful Soul may

'bless,

'Before Grim Death my Crazy Carcase seize.

Mean while th' Attentive Mother with remorse
Listning to th' unacceptable Discourse,

Haste

Hast to her Younger Son with eager Steps
And thus advis'd the Lad with trembling Lips.

This Morn, my Dearest *Jacob*, e're the Sun,
With twinkling Beams on *Horeb*'s Mountain
shone,

(13) As I stood early at thy Father's Tent,
Gazing, and on the Dawning Skie intent,
To see the Racking Clouds hast to be gon,
Sailing before the Winds, and Rising Sun,
Till they a Bright, or Azure Robe put on.
A ratling Voice surpriz'd my trembling Ears,
Whilst a still silence round increas'd my Fears.
I heard it, — *ESAU*, *ESAU*, was the Sound,
ESAU the Woods, and Echoing Shoars re-
bound.

Hereat the *Edomite* præcipitate came,
As if some Brother-sports Man rouz'd the Game,
And to a joyn't-pursuit him summon'd, said,
'Rise Sleepy Hunter from thy lazy Bed:

With

Book IV. *ABRAM IDE IS.* 239

With his wild looks, amaz'd, half-dress'd, he went
Thus, Ragamuffin-like, to's Father's Tent,
Where my *Goed Lord* (scarce, I believe,
awake,)

Thus to the Slug, (with conscious Grief I
spake,

For I heard all, as 'tis the Listners fate,
But nothing good, that to our selves relate)

‘ Son, to the wilds of *Paran* quickly go;
‘ Arm'd with my Blessing, and thy Quiver, and
‘ Bow.

‘ And bring from thence one of the Fairest
‘ Fawns.

‘ That frisk about the unsrequent Lawns,
‘ Then with Auspicious speed make savoury
‘ Meat,

‘ Such as my hungry Soul delights to Eat.
‘ That, since th' uncertain Period of my Days
‘ May swiftly come by unsuspected Ways.

‘ Th’

‘ Th’ Obedient Son my grateful Soul may
‘ bless,
‘ Before Grim Death my Crazy Carcase seize.

Now, my Dear Son, this Politic Design
Do but obey my Voice, I’ll Countermine.
Go to the nearest Flocks, and bring away,
Two fair unwilling Kids, thy distin’d Prey,
That, whilst the labouring Hunter Toyls to
find
Some poor lean Stragler, that with Famin’s
pin’d,
I for thy Father Savoury Meat may make,
And thou the Anticipated Blessing take,
But if by chance H’ a well-plump’d Browset
meet,
And the fat lazy Victim lay at’s Feet,
Swift time outruns the lightfoot Hunters speed,
Before the Sun Meridian influence shed,
Esau cannot the Savoury Food Provide.

Jac.

Jac. Dear Mother, well I know successful Vice,
None but Capricious Consciences Despise.
If Nimrod uncontrold the Scepter sway,
And's Powerful Arm the stubborn World obey,
A double meaning Virtue plays the Game,
Distinguish'd b' *Active*, and by *Passive* Name
Maugre Dispute, Success bears Virtue still,
Tho' we obey with or against our Will.

Most Praife His worth, Protection All implore,
And sneakingly th' Usurper *Some* adore.
Now if so lay'd, so well contriv'd Design,
This nimble Hunter subtly countermine,
And b' indefatigable Diligence,
Prevent our Ends, and baffle our Pretence,
Wretched exchange will be m' unapity'd fate,
And I shall but a Curse Anticipate.
For tho' thick Mists invest's decrepit Eyes,
Keen *Touch* may soon discover the Disguise
And easily then the difference He'll decide
Betwixt my Skin, and the rough Hunters hide.

Therefore, consider, Mother, but th' Event,
 A Father's Curse will press too violent,
 And I too late, shall the Deceit repent.

When with a stern impetuous angry look
 Vengeance provok'd has Bold offender struck
 Besides the *Sneering Edomites* haughty Pride,
 Glad our Successless Project to Deride.

R. How idly do's the timerous Boy dispute
 To me th' imaginary Curse impute.
 'Tis sign thou'rt Ignorant to the last Degree
 To think of Woman's Inability
 T' effect whate're intrigu'd Design she wills,
 For if Love can't, sure Malice drives the
 Wheels.

Mov'd by some Spring from All-controlling
 Fate,

With artful Whine, or true Substantial Hate,
 We thorough-manage, if we attempt, a Cheat.

Do but obey, go, fetch two tender Kids,
Shame! You dispute what fond *Rebecca* bids.

The Scene thus laid, th' obedient *Minion*
ran,

Swift as a Tyger o're th' extended plain,
To search for Prey, and drag th' Obluctant
Goats,

To yield to th' unresisted Knife their Throats.
This done the Savoury Meat was quickly
made,

And Sh' only wanted decent Masquerade,
To make the soft-shin'd Counterminor rough,
And the Design apparently look smooth.

Least the *Blind Blesfour* smell the Counterfeit,
Or feel the certain palpable Deceit.
So whilst the Cheator Grateful Waters thirst,
All their Delicious Flavour prove accurst,
And Dregs of Wrath so sour his Antipast,
(14) That *Marah-Waters* pall th' eluded Tast.

Therefore the Female Polititian sits
Moody a while, and thoughtful plies her Wits
How she the smooth-fac'd mimick might attire,
And Cloath with proper Dress the Intended
Lyar.

That unsuspected He might Personate
The rugged Brother, and the Father cheat.
At last from *Esau's* rifl'd Wardrobe came
With noble Vests the *Bethuelian* Dame.
With these the *Goodly Fraud* adorn'd, admir'd
His Mothers Wit, and's self so fine attir'd,
Then on his Neck, and Hands the Goat-skin
bound
And girt the Hairy Representor round
W' a narrow Belt, such as swift Hunters wear,
Plain, but unstich'd, and never stript of Hair.
Thus nice equipp'd she sent th' Emboldn'd
Boy
To's Father's Tent, a graceful Trim Decoy,

Now proud of's Brother's Raiment, and Con-

tent

That scandalous *Edomite* to represent;

Who th' unsuspicuous *Isaac* thus address'd,

And with delusive artifice carress'd,

Early this Morn, obedient to Command,

I travell'd up and down the Braky Land.

Where *Paran's* Wilderness in circling Boughs,

Frames secret Covertures for trembling Does;

When on a suddain, as I began to range,

Near a small Cottage, now call'd *Nimrod's*

Grange,

Propt by four Pillars, hewn by labouring stroke

Of Drudging Swain from some Encumbrous

Oak

Which as an ancient Lodge frequented stood,

Just on the Confines of th' opacious Wood.

When that Puissant Hunter first began

With nimble Feet t' expatiate o're the plain;

Out leap'd from underneath a shady Pass,
Whose entrance was adorn'd with Verdant
Grass,

Two frightened Kids, listning with Ears arrest,
As if some conscious fate they shou'd suspect.
Not long they gazing stood with vigilant
Eyes,

But my Keen Dart struck one with swift
surprise,

Whilst th' other to a Gloomy Covert made,
And flew smaz'd into an Escapade.

Scarce I survey'd the Prey in's sweltry Gore,
And Grateful Burden on my shoulders bore
Hastning with more than wonted speed away
Impatient every Moment of Delay,

To bring with joyful Zeal the Welcome Prize
To my Dear Father, as a Sacrifice,
But just before me with a glaring look
My wandring Eyes another Object struck.

Whose

Whose sides were Sleek, and seem'd ~~embos'd~~
with Fat,
Slow with meer bulk, and dropping pearly sweat.

This goodly Prize (said I) was præ-designd
For such a Father so profusely kind.

Then I let fly with Vigorous Arm a Dart,
Which pierc'd with transverse Glance his trem-

bling Heart.

Straitway the Gushing Blood in rivulets
sprang,

And gaping Wounds the Grafty Glades disdain.

‘ Arise then, Father, take the Savoury Meat,

‘ Such as thine Hungry Soul delights to Eat,

‘ Prepar'd as from obtruded Preys obtain'd,

‘ By thy First-Born, thine own Dear *Esau's*

‘ Hand,

Herc the Deluder, pertinently base,
The Blessing aim'd at with th' Expence of Grace,

And under Covert of a specious Lye,
Pretends t' oblige, and iupplyant Duty pay.
Thus have I known a Craft-man of the Law
(Dear-bought Experience do's the Picture draw.)
Each Seventh Day devote to Pious use,
And Business contentiously refuse,
Whilst t'other six, without Exception nam'd,
He Toyls with Care, and Labours to be damn'd.
Under the Coverture of good Design,
Like Poyson drank in Consecrated Wine
Pimps to Injustice to be basely Great,
And makes Religion stalk for an Estate,
To leav't to that unthrifty Lyar His Son,
One that will never be by's Wit undone.
The Perfect Image of his Father's Soul,
Except the Counter-change of R— for Fool.
This difference only makes the Parallel odd,
Jacob Deluded Man, H' attempted God.
As soon's the Crafty wheadler burnish'd o're
A Formal Tale, that dubious Credit bore;

As soon's the Father's more sagacious Ears
Than Eyes, discover'd just suspicious Fears;
Thus to the Counterfeit dim *Isaac* said,
Before the Sage on's Savoury Ven'son fed.

'Tis very soon, methinks, m' endearing Son,
Thou the Delicious Prize hast luck'ly won.

Kind Chance, or rather Providence Divine,
Must prosper the Dispatch, and the Design,
That with a vigorous Arm the purchas'd

Food,
Thou brought'st so quickly from the distant
Wood.

But art thou *Esau*? Or does some Disguise
For want of *Convoy* of discerning Eyes,
Like a false Echo, with surprizing Sound,
Amuse my Soul, and listning Ears confound?
My troubl'd Mind a strange Suspicion moves,
Or my disturb'd Imagination roves.

Esau

Esau three Sences of my four Affects,
Yet *Jacob's* Voice the Smooth-skin'd Youth
Detects.

The Hairy roughness th' Elder Son Proclaims,
But this Discov'ry different Speech Condemns
Thy Raiments, like my First-Born *Esau's*
smell,
But various Talk discordant Reasons tell,
Why the Dim Father may a Fraud suspect,
And on the Treacherous Manager reflect.
But still how darst? — Here trembling stood
The *Agast*, most visage of affigured woe!
The Conscious Youth, with paleness over-
cast.
Expecting nothing less than baneful Curse,
As timerous Guilt forebodes, or something
worse,
Till his Discourse, by unexpected sneeze,
Or Spawling Cough, with an *Asthmatic* wheze,
Such

Such as on driveling Age w' attendant find,
Remov'd his Doubts, and th' Interruption jeyn'd.

How dar'st y' alone, my Son; attempt Suc-
cess,
In Paraw's Desarts, 'mongst fierce Salvages?
What if some Tyger, roaming after Prey,
My guardless First-born Hope had stoln away,
And dragg'd to's horrid Cave with crooked
Fangs
The Luscious bait, half-dead w' expiring Pangs,
Till th' very Bones, there crash'd in's crav-
enos Jaws,
(15) Had perish'd, like a Soul, by invisible
ways?
But since thou'rt safe, and th' hazardous Re-
past
Hast brought so soon, Come near, and let
me taste,
That

That I may bless mine *Esau* 'fore I dye,
And 'mongst the Dead a senseless Carcase lie.

The Hungry Patriarch thus no sooner spoke
But with swift Hand intrepid *Jacob* took
The Savoury Meat, w' a Cup of Generous

Wine
Such as was drank in the *Noachian* Reign
And to th' Indulgent Father joyful bore

(16) Placing 't in ample manner on the
flour,
Where He on Grassy plain reclining lay
Eager to Eat, (as *Jacob* to betray
The Dim-sight Guest) and's grateful Son (ap-
plaud,

Rejoycing now in's Serviceable Fraud.
As soon's the Patriarchal Sage had Eat,
And satiated his Craving Appetite,
Thus in return with tenderness begun
To this supposititious Eldest Son.

Hast thou not seen on *Hebrows* Verdant
Plains A spacious Field, where a fam'd Arbour stands.
Which in a quadripartite form extends,
And Trees in shady Walks incurvate Bends,
Whose fibrous Roots well-manur'd Banks enclose,
Where fragrant Junquils, Lillies, and the Rose,
All Aromatic Flowers erect their Heads,
Or round the Borders scatter Spicy Seeds,
Whose Odorous Fumes embalm the Ambient
Air

Or Grateful Scents o'reload the Hæmisphære.
So smell the Garments of mine Eldest Son :
With such an Odoriferous Perfume,
Thy Raiments Scent, such Fragrancy they yield,
As if the Lord should plant a Gracious Field
With goodly Cedar Trees, and *Cassian* Groves,
With every thing that sensual Passion moves,

Go

Go then, as doubly Bless'd with Wine and Oyl,
Delicious Products of a fruitful Soil,
On Thee and Thine let Heavenly Dews descend,
And ev'n unsought-for Happiness attend.

(17) Lord of the World, and of thy Brethren
Rule,

And let thy Power extend without controul.
Curses on those, that Curse thee, shall rebound,
And Blessings, those that Bless Thee shall surround.
Thus *Jacob* with well manag'd Counterfeit,
The Blessing stole, and prov'd a *Blessed Cheat*.

The End of the Fourth Book.

OB

OBSERVATIONS ON THE Fourth B O O K.

(1) **N**O Jewels, Gold, or dowry Bill.
*The Jews had two sorts of Wives,
such as may be call'd Primary Wives,
i. e. Such who were properly such, distinguish'd
from those who may be call'd Secondary Wives,
by several Notes, or marks, as well in the form
of Solemnizing their Marriage, as their Power
afterwards. For the Primary Wives had a full
Authority, and Government in House-hold Affairs,
Others had not, but were really Concubines, and
kept as Hand-maiden Servants. Thus Eliezer in
betrothing Rebecca gave in Isaac's Name Jewels
of Silver, and Jewels of Gold, and Raiments,
Gen. 24. 53. which was not done to a Secondary
one. Again, Those Primary Wives had a Bill in
Writing, or Matrimonial Letters given Them, which
Concubines had not. Thirdly, The Children of
the chief Wife were only intituled to the Inheri-
tance, the others received Gifts, Gen. 25. v. 5, 6.*
So

So that the Children Abraham had by Keturah were not reckon'd Children of the Covenant of Circumcision, as Isaac was, tho' they also were Circumciz'd, and from their Loyns many Princes were Born, according to God's Promise in Multiplying Abraham's Seed as the Stars of the Skie. —

(2) — Key of Life unlock't the Tombs.

— — — Prolific Key.

The Jews assert God Almighty to have Four Keys, viz. Clavem Pluviae, Clavem Cibationis, Clavem Sterilitatis, Clavem Sepulchrorum, i. e. The Key of Rain, of Food, of Barrenness, and of the Tombs; all which are in the Power of God alone: The first of these is mention'd, Deut. 28. The Second, Psal. 145. The Third, Ezek. ch. 37. The Fourth in the Case of Rachael, Gen. 30. whom God remembred, and open'd Her Womb. Which was called the taking away their Reproach from amongst Men, vid. Observat. 6 of the First Book.

(3) — Seer, God's Vicarious Voice.

There are various Acceptations of the Word Prophet in Scripture, as 1. For the Books wrote by the Prophets as, They have Moses and the Prophets, Luke 16. 29. 2. For the whole Word of God, 2 Pet. ch. 1. v. 20. 3. For those Men unto whom God vouchsafed to reveal himself to, so Abraham, is call'd a Prophet, Gen. 20. v. 7. Restore thou his Wife for he is a Prophet, says God to Abimelech in a Dream, vid. also Exod.

15. v. 20. For 4thly, Ordinary Interpreters of the Word of God, and Preaching not only applyed to Men, but Women also, as Luke 1. v. 36. 2 Kings 22. 14. Lastly, It is taken for those, who were enabled by Divine Revelation to tell things beyond the possibility of Human Understanding to reach, call'd a Seer in former times as it is, 1 Sam. 9. 9. Beforetime in Israel when a Man went to enquire of God, thus he spake, Come let us go to the Seer, for He that is now call'd a Prophet, was beforetime call'd a Seer.

(4) — Julius with a look. —

The Motto of Julius Cæsar, the first Roman Emperor, is so common in the Mouth of every one, that Understands any Historical Learning, that I shall wave making any Observation on it. When He was to give a Relation of one of his Victories, he did it with so great Expedition, That Venit, Vedit, Vicit, was the whole Narrative thereof, as if he should have said, His Enemies were beaten, and ran away as soon as he saw them.

(5) No Table purely shav'd. —

The Soul of Man, before it has received any Impression on it, is compar'd to a Rasa Tabula, by Philosophers, that is, It is as it were, a Plain capable of any Impression whatever. The Conveyance of the Notions impress'd on the Soul, are for the most part deriv'd from the Senes, tho' not totally so; For there are some Innate Ideas, or Conceptions of

S things

things born with us, and grow up with us also, as the Principle of Self-preservation, &c. I must confess of late Years, several Wise, and judicious Men have rejected Innate Ideas, and attribute most Actions of Man to Education, and Converse. But this being too great a Field of Controversy to be here travers'd over. I refer my Reader to the Judicious Mr. Lock's Book of Human Understanding.

(6) — Grand Mysterious Negative. The Nature of God Almighty is so unscrutable, and Human Understanding so weak, when it endeavours to pry into it, that we are forced to use Negatives, to express his Nature by, as Infinite; or having no Bounds, Immensity, without measure, Immaterial, Incomprehensible, &c. And those attributes, which denote a particular positive Nature of God, as Omnipotence, Omnipresence, &c. Confound our Understanding as much as the former when we come to explain our selves, how and which way we conceive Omnipotence and Omnipresence to Operate. This has made the Philosophers very cautious in laying down the Object of Omnipotence, or stating how, and in what limitations Omnipotence can exert it self, viz. It cannot make two contradictory Propositions true at the same time; It cannot make time past, be present, &c. which is tantamount to a Contradiction. But that many things reputed by Man utterly impossible to be done, may be done by God's Omnipotence (tho' the thing may seem to us equi-

equivalent to a Contradictions, tho' not really be
so) I have no reason to doubt.

(7) — Whose Nam's I A M.

That God call'd himself by this Name is apparent from, Exod. ch. 3. Moses said unto God, Behold when I come unto the Children of Israel, and say unto them, the God of your Fathers hath sent me to you, and they say, what is his Name? What shall I say unto them? v. 13. And God said unto Moses, I A M That I A M: And He said thus shalt thou say unto the Children of Israel I A M hath sent me unto you, v. 14. This Text, tho' commonly read, yet is not so easily to be Understood, wby God attributes to Himself this peculiar Name. But most commentators agree, and I think upon very good Reason, That God calls himself in the present Tense I A M, because all things to Him, as well Past, as Future are present, and He knows as well what will be done a Thousand, nay ten Thousand Years hence, if the World so long endure, as He doth what hath been already Past, vid Observ. 4. in lib. 3.

(8) — A Spirit like a Dove.

The Holy Ghost is frequently mention'd in Scripture to assume the similitude of a Dove, as Mat. 3. v. 16. The Spirit of God descending like a Dove, &c. By this Creature is commonly Pictur'd the Representation of the Holy Ghost, and a pattern of True Innocence; Therefore our Saviour when he bids us be Wise as Serpents, bids us also

be as Harmless as Doves. Naturalists have asserted a Dove to have no Gall, but that is sufficiently confuted by Dr. Brown in his vulgar Errors; other properties are attributed to it Hieroglyphically or by way of Representation, occur in various Authors, as the the signal of Peace, &c. too tedious here to insert on, my particular Business being only to speak of it, as it relates to the Holy Ghost, to whom the Offices of Healing the Sick, relieving the Oppress'd, redeeming Captives, &c. are frequently assigned in H. Scripture.

(9) — Ambrosial Viands at their Feasts. The Ancient Heathen Poets call'd the Food of their Gods Ambrosia, and the Drink of them, Nectar, and frequently representing them Carousing even to Drunkenness amongst themselves, when they Celebrated their Viands, or Feasts, which appears very often in Homer, describing Vulcan more particularly Drunk to make sport for the rest of the Gods. But how ridiculous such a Description would be, to make Heaven a place of Glory, and the Throne of an Eternal Omnipotent Power, and as one Ingredient of its Pleasures, Drunkenness, I presume every Christian Poet will readily confess. This Description of Heav'n, I have here made, totally deviates from these common Descriptions amongst the Heathen Poets, for that very Reason above mention'd, and if I mistake not my self, is drawn from the true estimate of Joy, and Glorys of that Place Christianity it self,

self ascribes to it in several Places of the Holy Scripture.

(10) — Twins Unanimous Passions rant. It is many times observ'd, that Twins are very much like one another, not only in shape, but in Humour also, nay I knew two Brothers once, who thrice had the same Sickness at the same time, as one fell ill, tho' at distant Places. Insomuch that the Mother gave it out, as a sure Prognostick of Her other Son's Illness, either actual, or immediately subsequent, if one of them happen'd to be sick: Nay, and it usually fell out true. I will not enquire into the Nature of this Sympathy at present, because that would be so great and tedious a task to undertake, but Observation and Experience commonly confirms it true to us, That Natural Impressions, not only of Similitude of Body, but of Soul also may be convey'd from Parents to Children, so that tho' Twins, being made, and Born at the same time, and of the same subject Matter may probably have the same Passions, and Affections implanted in them, yet why one should Sicken when the other does, (as it more than once did happen) est dignus vindice nodus, a Riddle fit for those who pretend plainly to demonstrate the Operations of Sympathetic Powder.

(11) — Aerial Sylvan Gods —

Sylvan Gods, or Gods of the Woods, derived from Sylvanus a Roman God, whom they appointed to rehile over Woods, Forests and Flocks. He is said to be the Son of Faunus, the Ancientst of all the Kings in Italy, and who first brought

in any form of Religion into that Country. But Plutarch tells you that Pan, Faunus and Sylvanus were several appellations of the same Deity. And he was Worshiped first in Arcadia, and called there Pan Lyceus, and afterwards in great Esteem at Rome. The Poets tell you he lov'd a Boy call'd Cyparissus, who being chang'd into a Cypress-Tree by Apollo, Sylvanus thenceforth carried a Branch of Cypress in his Hand.

(12) — Red Pottage made more despis'd. The Pottage which Esau desir'd of Jacob, is said to be Red, which gave him the Denomination of Edomite, which in the Hebrew Tongue signifies Red. Besides it is observable, That the Word Pottage seems not to be recited in the Hebrew Language, Gen. ch. 25. v. 30. But only Give me some of that Red, relating to Pottage, mentioned the Verse before, which Jacob had sod for himself, so that it seems but a very trivial thing, perhaps Pottage just begun to be made, that he sold his Birthright for, tho' the Author to the Hebrews calls it a Morsel of Meat, and Ranks him with Fornicators and Profane Persons, ch. 12. v. 16. But now why this should be adjudged so great a Crime is not so easily determin'd, unless it be from the Consideration of the great Esteem, and value amongst the Jews of their First-Born, because He was the first of their Strength, on whom therefore the Father was to give a Double Portion of all he had, Deut. 21. 17. And God Almighty selected the Firstlings of the Flock for acceptable Sacrifices,

ces, which seems to denote a peculiar stamp of preference to the First-Born of all Kinds whatsoever, Numb. 3. 13.

(13) — At thy Father's Tent.

As the ways of Betrothing amongst the Jews was generally under a Tent, or Canopy made for that purpose, to which the Psalmist alludes, Psal. 19. v. 4. 5. So likewise after they were married had they different Tents, or Tabernacles, wherein the Husband and Wife in the Day time manag'd their Affairs separately, as ch. 24. of Gen. v. 67. Isaac brought Rebecca into Her Mother Sarah's Tent. So is the Tent of the Man distinguish'd by the particle His very frequently in Scripture. Thus Noah is said to be uncovered within His Tent, Gen. 9. 21. So likewise it is call'd the Tent of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob in divers other places.

(14) Marah Waters pall th' eluded Tast.

After the Israelites had passed over the Red Sea, and the Agyptians purjiuing them were drown'd, they travel'd in the Wilderness of Shur, and found no Waters in forty Days time, but those of Marah denoting in the Hebrew Tongue Waters of Bitterness, so called after they had tasted them, For when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the Waters of Marah for they were bitter, Exod. 15. v. 23. This Wilderness is also call'd the Wilderness of Sinai, Numb. 3. 4. thro' which the Israelites passed towards the Land of Canaan after a Residence of forty Years in it.

(15) — Perish'd like a Soul.

That is, he would have so perish'd, that nothing of Him Visible had remain'd, alluding to that Expression of Juvenal, Sat. 3.

— *Obtritum Vulgi perit Omne Cadover —
More Animæ —*

Not that the Soul, when the Body dies can be said to vanish into the Air, or be annihilated, but according to its spiritual Nature, retires to some other place, untouched, and unburt by any Human Power.

(16) — *In ample manner on the Flour.*
The Custom of the Jews, indeed of all the Eastern Nations, was to eat their Meals on the Ground, and not Tables, leaning one upon the other often. So St. John is said to lean on our Saviour as he sate at Meat, John 13. 23.

(17) — *Lord of thy Brethren —*
This was accounted a great Grievance more than Ordinary to be deprived of the Right of Primogeniture, so highly valued amongst the Jews, vid. Obs. 12.

Abra-

Abramideis.

BOOK. V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Esau dresses his Savoury Meat for his Father Isaac, and brings it to him, Isaac distrusts whether it be his Son, or no. Esau's Complaint of his hard Usage, and intreats His Father to Bless him also. Isaac tells him that his Brother has got the Blessing before him, and shall be bless'd. Esau thereupon threatens to murder his Brother. Rebecca at this very much concern'd sends her Son to her Brother Laban, till his Wrath was appeas'd. After this Care was over, Rebecca persuades Isaac to command Jacob by the Obligation of Paternal Duty not to Marry any one of the Hethites, but one of his Tribe and Family. Isaac upon this recites the whole Work of the Creation, & particularly that of the first Institution of Matrimony, and what a great Caution He ought to take in the Choice of a Wife. Hereupon Jacob goes to Harran to his Brother Laban's Daughter, as one of His own Kindred, which when Esau saw it pleased

bis

his Father, He also Marryed one of Ishmael's Daughters of Abraham's Race. Jacob in His passage to Haran being tired lays himself down to Sleep on a Pillar of Stones, and in his Dream saw Angels Ascending and Descending a Ladder which reached from Heaven, and God Himself at the Top. Jacob builds an Altar, and vows a Vow to God to give him the Tenth of all He should Bless him with. Jacob arrives at Haran, and at a Well where Laban's Flocks were watered Courts Rachel, the Daughter of Laban; Laban covenants with him to give her to him in Marriage for seven Years Service. But at the Years End he puts Leah the Eldest Daughter upon him, instead of Rachel. Then Jacob Covenants to serve him seven Years yet more, which he did, and thereupon a Second Marriage Feast was solemniz'd.

Mean while the Busy Hunter toy'd with
Sweat

O're glowing Coals prepar'd His Savoury Meat,
First on the Fire a Burnish'd Stew-pan Grac'd,
Which *Tubal Cain* by Artifice had plac'd,
With several Images politely wrought,
And to a wonderful perfection brought.

A kind of *Family-piece* of Household Goods
That represented two encountring Floods,
One from the deep's unfathomable Abyss
Turgid with Watry Mountains seem'd to rise.
T'other a Fluid Plain to represent
Of vast and unconceivable Extent:
Both which well-shadow'd seem'd to meet and
joyn,
To drown a little Pendulous Globe between.
This Instrument of Cookery well fraught
With Nobler Wine, from's Father's Cellar
brought,
He with choice peices of slic'd Venison fills
And with a kind of gentle Simmering boyls.
Next on the Viand sweltring *Esau* cast
Pepper, and Salt to give't a graceful Tast.
At last for *Haut-goust* to's delicious Food
An Onion, large enough to make a God.

(1) Amongst the Sons of *Ægypt* stupid Race,
 Compleats the Work, and makes the Savoury
 Sawce.

For no High Relishes as yet debauch'd
 The wanton Age, nor Luxury encroach'd
 Beyond the Bounds by *Modest* Plenty kept,
 Under whose Roof all Guests Contented slept
 Without a Murmuring at th' ungrateful smell
 Of filthy Garlick, or the *Rockenboul*,
 Without despising wholsom Meat, Because
 It wanted better, and a Richer Sawce.

Big with Expectance, and o's Cookery proud
 Made so Delicious, and so nicely good,
Esau to *Isaac*'s Tent in hast repaires
 To tell the Glad Success o's Painful Cares.
 And thus with unsuspicious doubts address'd
 The Dim Indulgent Circumvented Guest.
 ' Father Arise and take the Savoury Meat,
 ' Such as thine *Hungry* Soul Delights to Eat.

‘ The

The labour'd Purchase of thine Eldest Son,
With Great Fatigues, but yet successful, won,
That thou may'st Esau Bless before thou dy'st
And 'mongst the Dead a Putrid Carcase
 ly'st.

Horror and Pale Confusion here began
To sit on's Brows, and vex the Patriarchs Brain.
Wondrous surprize exagg'rates Jacob's Crimes,
And Double trembling shook's Decrepit Limbs.
'Art thou mine *Esau*? Or in some Disguise
'Do'st thou affect to' Amuse me with surprize ?
'Speak louder yet, to satisfie my Fears,
'And let my Voice correct my dubious Ears,
'Speak for I think I'm Deaf, as well as Dumb,
'Art thou mine Eldest Son indeed, my *Prime* ?

I am thine Esau, and thy First-Born Hope.
The very Question made his Spirits droop,
 And .

And with a pensive look on's Father's Bed
Foreboding Mischief lean's Reclining Head,
When thus the Patriarch again reply'd.

‘ Who then is *He* that interlop'd the Prize,
‘ And Uncommission'd traded in Disguise,
‘ For the same Blessing promis'd Thee alone,
‘ Who by my sole Command impower'd hast done
‘ Thy Duty with a Vigorous Heart and Hand,
‘ And with dispatch the bidden Food obtain'd
‘ Where's that *Deluder* gone, who durst fore-
‘ stall
‘ My Grant of Blessings which I can't recall ?
‘ He brought me Ven'son, dress'd with Art
‘ and Care,
‘ And did with unexpected speed prepare
‘ A goodly Mess of pretty Savoury Meat,
‘ Which before now I've plentifully Eat.
‘ So to thy Brother *Jacob* I've express'd
‘ My Solemn Grant, *Tea and he shall be Bless'd.*

Eſ. Are Stars prædominant o're Human Birth ?
And Rule our Living tenements of Earth ?
Or is there a necessity of Fate
That makes ſome Men *perforce* unfortunate ?
Good God ! How unaccountable ſome live ?
They Cheat, yet flourish, they defraud, yet
thrive ;
Whilſt others b' honest Industry and care,
The more they Labour, leſs Successful are.
Do's Heav'n Sleep out Aeternity of Years
Lull'd by the Sound of's own Harmonious
Sphæres ?
Or's ſupream Justice Deaf, as well as Blind,
And with a Careleſs Air regards Mankind ?
That prosperous Villains Thrive and Domineer.
And Heav'n not hears Complaints or *Will* not
hear
That a *Deceiver* muſt the Grant Enjoy
Because Successſully He *ſtole* it away ?

And

And by a *Lucky Lye* the Bliss purloyn'd
That for the Eldest *Esau* was design'd.
God grant me Patience ! Mark how 'tis express'd,
I've Bless'd Him, and He is, and shall be Bless'd
Bless'd ? tho' by a trick It was obtain'd,
And by a Secret Fraud abruptly gain'd?
'Tis not for nought *Jacob's Supplanter* nam'd,
And so notorious a Deluder fam'd.
Seeing first He Birthright by Collusion gat,
And now has prov'd a Fortunate Second Cheat:
But Father, Oh ! indulgent Father pity me,
I for thy Ven'son labour'd more than He.
What ? Have thy Blessings an exhausted Store ?
Thou hast not Bless'd, as thou can't Bless no
more,
Hast thou not one, as a last Stake, reserv'd ?
The Youngster, 's true, had more than he
deserv'd,
Yet never could Monopolize the whole ;
Let Him enjoy the Partnership He stole.

So that I share a Portion of's Success;

Bless, O my Father, ev'n me also Bless.

Here trickling Tears bedew'd His blubbering
Cheeks,
Whilst thus the sad Compassionate Parent
speaks.

Behold, I've made Him Lord of Thee and
Thine,

And Jacob Bless'd with Plenty of Corn and
Wine.

Now what can I do more than I have done,

Tho' thou'rt Mine *Esau*, and mine Eldest Son?

Yet shall thy setl'd Habitation stand,

Amidst the Richest Fatness of the Land

Where Dews of Heav'n their fertile Drops
distill,

And all thy Fields a *Natural Plenty* fill.

T

But

But with Thy Sword shalt cut thy Fortune
out,

In Conduct, Prudent, and in Battle, stout.
But Time shall come, fix'd by Decrees of Fate,
When thou by provident interchange of State,
Shalt this Dominion, flyly gain'd, revoke,
Shake off thy Chains, and break th' uneasy
Yoke.

With muttering grumble *Esau* then retir'd,
O'reswoln with Envy, and with Anger, fir'd:
Plotting Revenge with close Considerate Hate
For Blessings *Jacob* did Anticipate.
The Father's Grant but little seem'd to Him
Who weigh'd the Greatness of His Brother's
Crime.

Esau, tho' largely Bless'd, yet scorn'd the store
Provided, 'cause His Brother still had more.
Dominion ever was a *Luscious Bait*,
The Poor Man's Wish, and Darling of the Great,

But

But if such Power a mean Inferiour bears,
Who with translated Scepter Domineers,
Strait all the Faculties of Human Soul,
Combine th' ungrateful Ruler to Controul.
Because Contempt adds a redoubl'd weight
To affliction, with unspeakable regret ;
And *Scorn* all Passions to Revenge invites,
Or to rebellious Murmurings excites.
Not because Power is lost, but so transfer'd
That the Degraded Elder *scorn'd* appear'd,
For the young Darling Mother's Favourite,
Which made't the Greater ignominious slight.
Therefore with Malice ruminating how
He might retriev's Dominion at a blow,
Which by a Wily stratagem was won
Thus by Himself a Secret Plot begun.

Well! The *Supplanter* has the Blessing got,
Not as of right, but as a Fraudulent Lot.

Go, let Him boast the Scandalous Prize He
gain'd,

Brag of's Dishonourable Grant obtain'd.

I'll check the Sawcy Stripling's full Carreer,
And teach th' Imperious Youth to Domineer.
Before the Course of one revolving Moon
Passes, He shall repent's inglorious Boon
My Father's Death His withered looks præfage,
Worn out with Cares, and wan with feeble
Age,

So that the Days of Mourning are at Hand,
Then I'll the forward Ruler countermand.
Cou'd nothing please him but ambitious sway?
Th' Unsaoury Blessing Relish'd not the Boy,
Unless some Power inspirited the Draught
Old *Isaac* gave, and *Jacob* thirsty sought.
But since H' has broke th' original Bounds of
Right,

And dares despise th' opprobrious *Edomite*,

Since

Since H' has o'releap'd the Fence by Nature
made

'Gainst those that *Primogeniture* invade,
I'll treat th' Invader, as a Beast of Prey,
And's Life for's Purchase shall *Supplanter* pay.

Fame, that is always lavish of Her Tongue,
To tell the World some Story, right, or wrong,
Strait on her Shoulders a shrill Trumpet hung.
Thus garnish'd with a Tell-tale Instrument
(2) Haste with swift Wings to *Bethuelia's* Tent,
Eager the fatal Rumor to disclose
And before Her the Dismal Truth expose.
The Sound no sooner struck Her trembling Ears
But with the Noise increas'd Her Anxious fears.
Yet laugh'd to see th' unthinking *Dolt* Design,
A Plot (He thought,) she could not Counter-
mine.

But without much considering sh' undertook
Toward the Blow, and soyl th' impending stroke.

So when entrench'd a *German* Legion lies
Secure'd by Ramparts, and Nocturnal Skies,
As soon's the Dawn with Miscellaneous Light,
Tinges the Clouds, and forms a dubious Night.
Detatch their Scouts to ravage near the Lines
Or view where th' Enemies Encampment joyns.
Ready prepar'd with vigilant Foot, or Horse,
Against an Ambuscade, or open force.
Careful *Rebecca* thus with quick Dispatch
Set Spies on *Esau's* Tent t' observe and watch
Which way the Motions of a troubl'd Mind
The Rough Impetuous *Edomite* inclin'd.

(3) Then under Covert of a *Silent Moon*
Least *Esau* shou'd surprize Her Fondling Son,
Or in thick darkness all immantled o're
Jacob was summon'd to appear before
Th' uneasy Mother, and receive Commands
How to escape th' inhumane Brother's Hands.

My Son (says she) and here she sighing
Weeps,

Malice is always vigilant, never Sleeps.

Nor with a sluggish Effort makes its way,
But Tyger-like leaps on the unwary Prey.

Then since thy Brother Secret Wrath conceals
And with præmeditated Envy swells

Because thy Father Thee the Blessing gave,
Which *He* by right of Eldership wou'd have,
Be rul'd by Me — Tho' that's a trifling shift,
T' oblige the Doner to restrain his Gift,
In certain Bounds t' abridge a Liberty,
Makes it no Gift, nor yet the Giver free.
Bounties of Nature are promiscuous giv'n,
So properly the *Benefits* of Heav'n.

Equal to all the Sun, and Moon dispence
Without Distinction Their warm Influence,
None Claims a right because when Morn begun,
He *first* perhaps observ'd the Rising Sun.

But with a General Glee the *Last* Enjoys
The Comfort of His Bright enlivening Rays
As much as He that *First* at distant view
Spy'd the Dim Light creep o're the Chrystal
Dew.

'Tis true, the *Edomite* first saw the Light,
But do's a previous look convey a Right?
To Govern all that Universe He saw;
That's but a Politic, not Natures Law.
A poor Pretence just Merit to Exclude,
Where it shines bright, and boldly dares intrude
To claim Reward, tho' of a Younger Date,
And contrary perhaps to Rules of State,
But since *Revenge* Has neither Ears, or Eyes,
And thou may'st fall to's desperate Rage a Prize,
Go, to my Brother *Haran* quick repair,
Under's Protection and peculiar Care
Secure a-while in peaceful Ease retreat
Till this Tempestuous Hurrican abate,

Why

Why should one Day me of both Sons deprive?
The Younger kill'd, and th' Elder *must* not live.
Why should I see my *Jacob* murder'd lye,
For which Red *Edomite's* condemn'd to Dye?

Tears spake the rest, and shrieks to Heav'n
resound

To think of this *Imaginary* wound.
For *Fondness* possibilities improves
To real Mischiefs, where the Parent Loves.
And troubl'd Fancy paints out future Ill
As present, tho' a meer *Idea* still.
Thus when in Dreams th' Imagination roves,
In various Shapes the Soul confus'dly moves.
Sometimes with pleasing Objects sooth'd enjoys
Full Raptures from *Imaginary* Toys,
Sometimes with Terrors Airy Phantoms fright,
Amazing Images of Gloomy Night.
Till the Delusions make the Dreamer shake,
And with a starting, and surprize awake,

As

As if real Objects did th' Impressions give,
And Dangers dream'd a Rational Fear survive.

Another Care distracts *Rebecca's* Mind,
'Twas not enough *Jacob* the stroke declin'd,
Which the Revengeful Brother might have made,
Without this Providential Escapade,
As fatal as when first audacious *Cain*
Spilt *Abel's* Blood, and triumph'd o're the slain,
When with an Impious Face He durst deride,
God's Scrutiny for the Sacrificer dead.
Jacob, 'tis true, secure and safe she saw,
Tho' *Esau's* Breast Malicious Envy gnaw,
That basl'd in pursuit of's curs'd Design
He must *in spite of Fate* the Chase decline ;
Yet the Concern of *Jacob's* Marriage still
Bred new Supplies of Grief from pregnant Ill.
For now the Springs of Youth began to move,
And wind the Passions up t' enchanting Love.

Young

Young *Jacob* view'd the *Cananean* Dames
Warm'd by Their Charms, and burn'd with
Amorous Flames.

Which the Suspicious Mother understood :
For Women know that Calenture of Blood
Better than all Philosophers of Old
Who from their Desks have musty *Iargon* told
How with imperious movements hurried on,
When to be check'd, if too unruly grown,
When Ebb the Motions of the Sanguine Mass,
Or flow the Torrent with impetuous pace.

Therefore to *Isaac* thus the Secret Vents
With Tears, and Sobs, and Passionate Discon-
tents.

Last Week one Evening as unconcern'd I
walkt,
And with my Youngest Son delighted talk'd.
How timorous Kids leapt'd frisking o're the Lawns
And Bleating Ewes caress'd the tender Fawns,
How

How the plump Herds with staggering Fatnes
reel

And with a Graceful *shining sleekness* swell.
How the She-Goats distended Dugs distil'd,
O'reflowing Milk, and ting'd the Verdant Field
How with a pearly Dew the Labouring Bee
Unloaded's Thighs, and sweetn'd every Tree.
These were our thoughtful Subjects, and ou

Theam,

This the Diverting Talk 'twixt Me and Him.
At last Well-tir'd with Heat we nimbly got
Beneath the Covert of a shady Grot,
Where Palms confronting Palms a walk enclose
(4) And form a *Visto* with encircling Boughs.
Not long we pausing walk'd just side by side
But two Fair *Hethites*, as from Covert hid,
Bolted out sudain on our peaceful ease,
And rush'd into our Innocent recess.

Tis true, These Dames were wondrous fair
and neat,

Well shap'd, and Graceful, every way Com-
plete.

but above all One of peculiar Air,
With blooming Cheeks, and long dishevel'd
Hair

That round her Arms in snaky windings
Wav'd.

Fan'd the soft Air, and as it Fan'd, it weav'd
It self in Natural Curls, and Orient Rings,
Which She with *haught* back on her Shoulders
flings,

Wanton'd with *leering Eyes* around my Son,
Sufficient ev'n my Self to have undone,

Had I been *Man*, to sprightly Vigour grown.

The Youth surcharg'd with Charms grew Wan,
and Pale,

Would, if He cou'd, the Conscious Flame conceal.

But

But I, by long Experience vers'd in Love,
Knew by what Signs the Secret Passions move
So on his Solitary Thoughts I rush'd,
Charg'd him with Guilt, which he deny'd, and
blush'd.

Yet still I fear the poysonous Dart has struck
His yielding Heart, and through the Passes
broke.

Now if my Son deluded Captive fall
Prey to this *Hethite*, and that *Girl* enthrall
My Plyant Boy with her inveighling Arts;
(Curse on the *Fit*, my Soul within me starts,
When I but think how Her Bewitching Eyes
Appall'd the Lad, and made my Passion rise)
What will my Life then, but a Burden, grow,
Oppress'd with dismal Discontent and Wo.
Then I regardless of the World shall walk,
As if I Dream'd, or as a Phantom stalk.
All Pleasures will b' insipid and Ingrate,
If *Jacob* Marry in that wretched State.

There-

Therefore, my Lord, let me sincerely pray
You wou'd divert His Thoughts another way,
For if at these Proceedings you connive,
Rebecca long may *Breath*, but cannot *Live*.

Isaac amaz'd at this surprizing charge
Summon'd his Son, and thus began t' enlarge

My Son, there's one Concern I must advise,
Jacob beware what Matrimonial tyes
Bind up your Young, and unjudicious Soul,
For now you range entire without controul.
When first the Dark *Chaotic* Mass began,
The Spirit spread its Wings o're watry Plain:
Form from Confusion, and disorder grew,
And Regular Union shap'd the World anew.
This done, the Sublunary Globe remain'd
Still but a Beauteous Desart, as ordain'd.

Till

Till with Considerate Thought th' Almighty
said,

Let there be Light, and straitway Light was made.
Which Light discover'd, as it did, Defect
It farther pleas'd th' Omniscient Architect,
To frame the *Firmament, and Heav'n* create
As a fix'd Barrier intermediate,
To separate the *Watry Floods* above
From those that in Terrestrial Channels move.
For at his Word the Great Abyss Obey'd,
And to one Cavern th' *Ocean* rolling fled.
Then th' *Earth* began t' erect her drizling
Brows,

Scarce dry, when from the *Watry Bed* she
rose.

But as if Proud to see th' Imperious Sea
Bound in one Channel, and confin'd t' Obey,
Shook off the fluid Covering with disdain,
And with Contempt o'relook'd the Subject
Main.

Big with this Conquest, tho' a Slave before,
Now on Her Head She *Grassy Garlands* wore.
Her Rocky Temples flowry *Crowns* surround,
As if She Triumph'd being solid Ground.
Next, *Trees* in Complaisance to Mother Earth
Present Their Generous Fruits t' augment Her
Mirth.

Then to add Lustre to this pompous Scene
Two Lights above the wide Expanse were seen.
God spake once more, and as th' Almighty said
Let there a Glorious *Sun* and *Moon* be made.
Swifter than thought, as if ashame'd t' abide
In the dark Womb of *Chaos* longer hid,
Out sprang the *Sun* and *Moon* as if amaz'd,
And o're the whole distinct Creation gaz'd.
The Sun *All Day*, now with full Raptures fed
Th' unimitable Workmanship survey'd.
The Moon *All Night* no less astonish'd stood,
Glar'd with full Face, or peep'd behind a Cloud,

Both wondring at Their unexpected Light,
Why made by turns to rule the Day and Night.
But's yet the World had but's imperfect State,
Nor did the Great *Æternal Word* Create
A Creature yet endow'd with Breath of Life,
Or sensible of present Joy, or Grief.

Therefore, says God, — *Attentive Waters bear,*
Be Pregnant, every Living Creature bear.

Let th' Earth bring forth the Beast of every Kind
To propagate its Like, as I've Ordain'd.

No sooner this Almighty *Fiat Giv'n*
Pursuant to the fix'd Decrees of Heav'n ;

But fluid Atoms into solid Mass

Began to unite, and harden into Flesh.

Others less fluid Brutal Limbs compos'd

With Bones Obdurate in rough Skins enclos'd

All mov'd as *Breath of Life* gave active Springs,

Some cut the yielding Waves with scaly Finns,

Some shav'd the liquid Air w' expanded Wings.

Whilst

Whilst others mov'd by a less Active Soul
 Creep'd softly on, or gently seem'd to roll,
 Like Wave o're Wave, as if they still retain'd
 Something of Liquid texture that remain'd.

From the same Mould, the last Divine Effort,
 (5) *Material Man* Omniscent Wisdom work'd,
 After the Senseless Incomposit frame
 Was from rude Earth cemented into Man
 God stamp'd His Image on the fashion'd Clay,
 Quickning the Lump with an Immortal Ray,
 These finish'd ; God, as if deliberate stood
 Musing on's Work's, pronounc'd 'em *very good*.
 But after th' System of the World contriv'd
 As from *Original Nothing* first deriv'd.
 Something remain'd Material, yet undone,
It was not fit that Man should be alone.
 Its Beauteous Frame Divine formation Note,
 But to preserv't requir'd a *Second Thought.*

So Prescience with a Solemn self debate
 Spreads, and unfolds the Scheme of Future state.
Adam no longer single must remain,
 But Fate must split the Compound Bulk in
 twain.

Tho' not in equal parts Division make,
 Because the *Less* Subjection must partake,
 As at first Disproportion'd to the whole
 It claimed but joyn't-Dominion and Controul.
 So when one Night o're-labour'd *Adam* slept,
 Rent from His side a *Rib* enliven'd leapt,
 Thence *Woman* sprang, and the Wound clos'd again
 Insensible without *Flueritic* pain.

Here Wisdom seem'd, as with peculiar Art,
 To Frame an *Eve* design'dly from a Part
 That near-enclos'd Congenial *Adam's* Heart.
 That future *Eves* b' instructive Nature taught
 From whence their Frame Originally's wrought
 May with true Passion answer best their End,
 And Their Dear *Adam's* Love, as well's defend.

Not

Not act as if all softness were exhal'd,
And still obdurate stubborness prevail'd.
Nor from the Natural Shape learn crafty means,
To form Intrigues, and *crooked* close Designs.
Consider then, my Son, before too late,
You'r Young enough, in Marriage there's a
Fate.

Now if this Pagan *Wench*, (a Name too good
For any one of *Cananean* Blood)
By Curse of th' angry Heav'ns (for there 'tis
said

All Matches are *Originally* made)
Should tempt Thee to abandon Common
Sense,
To Worship Sacred Blocks of Eminence.
Unhappy State, ev'n to the last Degree
When thou must shake off all Humanity,
Empty Thy self of Natural Reason first
Before Thou'rt made *Substantially accurst*.

Rank'd in the Kalender of Ideots stand
A Wretch so mean, so pityfully unman'd.

Then if Thou'rt Wise, and Th' amorous
Thoughts can bear
Advice, for Lovers have a partial Ear,
Equip thy self for *Padan Aram's* Land,
And thence select a Faithful Bosom Friend,
Laban has Daughters equally as Fair,
With looks, as Blooming; with as Charming
Air,

As any *Hethian* Dame can boast full-fraught
With scornful Pride, and supercilious haught.
Then shall the Lord of Hosts unlock His Stores,
And send on Thee His Blessings down in Showers,
In Kindness ev'n profuse of Heavenly Dews
T' enrich unknown ungrateful Future Jews
Then shall Thy Sons of Sons this Land Possess,
O'relad'n with Favour, Happy to Excess.

As soon's Attentive *Jacob* heard th' Advice
Unscrupulous strait to *Padan Aram* flyes,
Big with Expectance, and of's Message proud,
But more of's Blessing, when He understood
The Business Both His careful Parents pleas'd;
And above all Paternal Love encreas'd.

At which says *Esaу* —

— Has *Supplanter* won

My Father's Love by what H' has flily done?
As He does all by *Craft* and pure design
Me in Paternal Favour t' undermine?
I from th' *Abramian* stock a Branch will take,
Transplant it hither for my Father's sake.

(6) So *Esaу* took's unceremonial Bride
From *Ishmael's* Loyns, since *Hethians* were de-
cry'd.

Mean while Transported *Jacob* to *Haran* went
Eager of's *Fond unknown*, and hop'd consent.

But as He travell'd o're the sultry Plains
Fatigued with toyl, and o're-officious Pains
Hot on's Design, to make the Gibbous Brute
Press on with double speed a close pursuit.
About the time when *Sol's* declining Rays
Darted a streaming Light from Western Skies ;
And Night, from Dark Coævous *Chaos* sprung,
To immantle All the Eastern World begun,
Well tir'd with Heat, His nodding Eyes invite
Desir'd Sleep, and Dark consenting Night.
So with dispatch to Rest His wearied Bones,
He rais'd a Pillow from Collected Stones,
Then from an Hillock, down whose shelving
sides

Confronting North, a Temperate ardour Glides.

(7) Cut Mossy Turfs, and o're the Pillow
spread

The better to support's incubent Head.
Thus to repose, as soon's Sedate He lay'd,
Around the *Sleeper* little Phantoms play'd,

Th' Imagination forming various Schemes
Of different Images in thoughtful Dreams.
First seem'd a *Ladder* of prodigious length,
Not Big and Large, but of sufficient strength
To bear Angelic, or Spiritual Weight,
Which Reverend Sophs *Essentially* think Light,
From the Terrestrial World, Its Basis made,
To stretch itself, and rear 'ts extended Head
Into the inmost Region of the Skies,
Recess of the Cœlestial Paradice.
Against whose sides It then reclining stood
To make the Passage easy for the *Good*,
Whose Prayers shall mount 'em to the Throne
of God.

As thus the *Ladder* seem'd Erect to stand
A Numerous Host, and bright Seraphic Band
Seem'd down from Heaven, then up from solid
Ground,

With nimble Feet to trip from Round to Round.

Thus

Thus when Impetuous Winds the Ocean swell,
(8) Or Porpoises prophetically tell
A latent storm that long has secret lay
Couch'd in the Bowels of the Grumbling Sea,
All hands aloft the Cautious Master plying
And to the Top-mast-head commands the
Boys ;

With Hands and Feet the grappling Sailor climbs
And vaults o're pitchy ropes His pliant Limbs,
Up, Down, and Up reciprocally flyes
To Furle the Sayles, and stemm th' insulting
Seas.

But at the Top of *This Cælestial frame*
Jacob, the comfort of's auspicious Dream,
Saw, or else seem'd to see th' *Almighty* stand,
Declaring Thus with a Majestic Hand.

‘I am the Lord that *Abram* hither brought
‘By Faith unshaken, and Experience taught
and I

‘My

‘My Sacred Promise never to disfide,
‘Tho’ in the Womb of Time long distant hid.
‘I am the God of *Isaac*, who survives
‘Ev’n Death decreed, and now Thy *Father* Lives,
‘Tho’ once on th’ Altar He a Victim lay
‘To’s Father’s wrath, ready the Child to slay
‘Rather then my Commands He’d disobey
‘Now as They *Both* with Faith unstaggering stood,
‘Firmly Believ’d I’d make my Promise Good;
‘So All This Land *whereon thou liest* Thine head
‘And sleep’st securely on this Mossie Bed,
(9)‘As far’s the Four Great *Cardinal Winds* extend,
‘On Thee, and Thine shall lineally Descend.
‘Thy Numerous Seed, as Drops of th’ Ocean
 flow,
‘Shall ev’n beyond all Computation grow.
‘And with the Land I give Thee to possess
‘All familys of th’ Earth in Thee I’ll Bless
‘My Cherubims shall Guard Thee, when awake,
‘With flaming Swords, for Faithful *Abram*’s sake.

Thee

‘Thee from Nocturnal Dangers, if asleep,
‘Under my Wings secure I’ll fearless Keep.
‘If cruel Beasts, and Salvages affright
‘I’ll wrap Thee safe i’th’ Curtains of the
Night.
‘If the Blood-thirsty, *Thee* pursue by Day,
‘I’ll clog Their speed, or make Them insidious
stray.
‘Where ’re Thou Goest, I will, as Guardian,
wait,
‘To Check Ill starrs, and curb Mischievous
fate,
‘Tho’ Thou should’st travel e’vn from Pole to
Pole,
‘Still shalt Thou be the *Dearling* of my Soul
‘*Thee* I’ll Protect, and He that toucheth *Thee*,
‘Shall touch the very *Apple* of Mine Eye
For what th’ *Immutable* declar’d He’d Give
To *Jacob*, He’ll perform, and *Jacob* never
Leave.

Jacob

Jacob with wonder, and amazement struck,
Scarce conscious of His sleeping, now Awoke
With such Stupendous raptures, such delights.
Th' unsleeping Soul convers'd with Heavenly
Sprights.

Therefore as soon's the ruddy Morning Shone,
Whose Rosie cheeks foretold the Rising Sun.
Thus to Himself Disconsolate *Jacob* talks.
And for the loss of's Vision Pensive walks.

Was This but an Imaginary Dream
Frequent to Lovers, and Their Usual Theam?
Or did my Soul rent from the Carnal Mass,
As free from Prison t' Heavenly Mansions pass?
And there immers'd in full Excess of Joy
Amidst the Little *Cherubs* wanton play
Then back return, as ty'd by a Shackling chain,
To re-inform the Senseless Trunk again?

Sure

Sure 'twas a Real Vision of Delight
And no Delusive Phantom of the Night
Surely The Lord Almighty here abides,
And here Ador'd Omnipotence resides.

*How Dreadful is This place ? This Bless'd Abode,
Tho' I Knew't not, must be the House of God.
The very Gate to the Cælestial Throne
Where cloath'd with Light Immense sitts the
Æternal One,*

Here Jacob, full of reverential fears,
An Altar from His stony Pillow reares.
Pour's Oyl upon't, as Typical, t' impart
An Oyl of Gladness to's astonish'd Heart,
And chearful Countenance to Offer's prayer,
When He believ'd the Lord resided There ;
(10) Then by that Altar, which He built, He
Sware

If

If God, th' unering Guide, Me as safely Keep,
As I with Careful thoughts my Fondling Sheep,
If Food and Raiment th' *Omnipræsent* give 10
Successive Wants of Nature to relive,
So that He *Jacob* back to *Canaan* bring
Secure under His Tutclary Wing ;
Then shall the *Lord* be my selected God,
And this the Sacred place of His Abode
Of All th' Almighty Donor shall Bestow,
(11) A Sep'rare Decimal *Corban* I'll allow,
Else may these Stones avenge my Perjur'd Head,
Witness against Me first, then strike me Dead.

This Vow being finish'd forward t' *Haran*
went

Th' Expectant Lover, Eager on's Intent.
Where, when arriv'd, a round He cast His Eyes,
And with considerate Looks the Land Surveyes

How

How spacious Mountains seem'd t' abscond in
Clouds,

Whose Towring tops a Gloomy Vapour Shrowds
Or if the Day prove clear, Their monstrous
height

Wou'd th' Eyes fatigue, and Terminate the sight.
These Objects first employ'd His Distant View,
But 'twas more grateful Nearer to pursue
To see the pretty Kids on Hillocks browze
Beneath yon Wood, whose arch'd luxuriant
Boughs

Had form'd a Kind of Canopy of State
To save the *Bleaters* from Insulting Heat.
At last He spy'd a Well, The Watering place
Where *Laban's* Sheppard's did Their Flocks re-
fresh.

Whom thus H' accosts —

— From whence d'ee wandring come ?

Whose flocks are these ? And where's your set-
I'd home ?

From

From *Haran*, said the Guardians of the Sheep,
Thy Servants came, and These for *Laban* Keep.

Jac. What? Know yee *Laban*? tell me, is He
Well?

Breathes Vital Air? Not yet brought down
to Hell?

Shep. Last Night, except Our Treacherous
Memorys fail,
We saw Our Master Vigorous, Strong, and
Hail.

For when He gave us charge of's tender Kids
To feed them well, and clean their fleecy sides.

(12) A Leathern Jarr that near an Omer held
Off pure good Wine He t' every Sheppard fill'd.
Which when we drank, dismist us with Our
Care

Of Bleating Young to Bask in sultry Air.
But to His Daughter *Rachel* has assign'd
The Charge of One Peculiar flock Behind

A Pleasant Charge, But's pity One so Fair
 Should in this Swarthy toyl encumbred Shalt

Just as They spake the Sheppardell appear'd,
 And a shrill sound with trilling Notes was
 heard,

(13) As 'tis suppos'd *Melamp'us* to revoke,
 Who worried devious sheep that Order broke.
 Not long with listning Ears thus *Jacob* stood
 Pleas'd with an Echo from the distant
 Wood,

But b' a declive Short Eminence Beheld
 A Numerous Flock, which spread the Spaci-
 ous field,
 And with hoarfe Bleating th' Airy Cham-
 paign fill'd

As Shee drew nigh th' Officious Lover gaz'd
 More at Her Beauty, than Her flock, amaz'd.

The

A

The rolling Stone from the Well's mouth
remov'd

But with a Glance Obliquely leering Shov'd
More Eager, whilst astonish'd with surprise
To drench in Love His Wanton Rolling Eyes
Than for the Thirsty Brutes to draw Supplyes.
How'erc Imperious Love had that Command
He durst not Disobey, or Idle Stand,
Whem Rachels mute Petitioners besought.
And little Cupid for the Mistress-Fought.
Thus when by's Sedulous care the Brutal Band
Jacob with Watry Blessings had Sustain'd.
As soon's the Weighty Stone began to Roll,
Joy ev'n relax'd the Sluyces of His Soul.

Love in full Flouds from Fountaines of His

Eyes

Sprang out, and spake Intentious by a Kiss.

So that with Weeping extasie He Yell'd,

Touching that Face at distant He Beheld.

As far's the Looks, and Eyes of Speech par-
take,

And Wishes can a *Tacit Language* make
Jacob already to the Damsel spoke.

But now Love *Suffocated silence* broke.

Hither by Springs unknown, yet Natural
driv'n

Or by the Providential Hand of Heav'n
From Western Countrys gladly have I rov'd
To enjoy the Beauteous Charms of my Belov'd.
Hither my Father on like Errand came
To Espouse a Bride of's Family and Name.

Laban's your Father and my Fathers Brother
Rebecca is His Sister, and my Mother.

Who now among ten *Pagan* Princes Live,
That Their Cheif Power from Idol Gods de-
rive,
Whilst We Rever'd and Lov'd, in grateful Ease
With nought but *Plenty* o're fatigu'd Encrease.

How

How? reply'd Rachel — Here Her hasty Steps
More Words prevented from Her joyful Lips.
Away She ran, Swift as the Nimble Doe
Trips o're the Lawns, to let Her Father Know
What Wondrous unexpected News She'd heard,
What She Believ'd unscrupl'ous, what She
Fear'd
Laban Amaz'd, and Dumb with strange sur-
prise
Gave little Credit to Her Tongue, or Eyes.
But ran Himself with twice Redoubl'd Speed
Not yet from Doubt by such Conviction freed
As might by Ocular Prooss confirme the truth
Of what She said about th' informing Youth,
Who pratling Now again began t' Unfold
His Tribe and Family and His Errand told,
Laban in Raptures here Dissolv'd embrac'd,
And's Consanguineous Stranger close cares'd;
With clasping Arms round's unsuspected Kin
Imprints a Zealous Kiss on's downy Chin,

Bids Him as freely Drink His Wine, and Oyl,
Those Luscious products of the *Syrian Soyl*,
As He to's Favo'rite Daughter wou'd dispense
Were She reduc'd to Want and Indigence.
Thus from One Spring Unanimous passion
starts, ~~starts, and~~ ~~starts, and~~ ~~starts, and~~
And Natural Love Cemented different Hearts.
Entire Affection made the Brothers One
As the same Stem United Flesh and Bone.
So have I seen a Plant in Manur'd Glades,
In Close Embraces Couch Imbosom'd Seeds,
Whose tender Fibres at First Touch recoil,
And Fling diffusive Favours o're the Soil.
Touch, like a Key, Unlocks the Treasur'd
Store, ~~which~~ ~~which~~ ~~which~~
Which It enwrap'd in secret Cells before.
Laban grew now ev'n Prodigal of's Grants,
Supply'd profusely Bashful *Jacob's* wants.
Who re-sollicits with as ardent Zeal,
What Love interprets He deserv'd so well,
With

With an æquivalent Service to repay,
And Merit favour some Proportion'd way.
Th' Opprobrious Name of *Hireling* He refus'd
T' Other with like Disdain, as if abus'd,
All Eleemosynary Services Excus'd
Jacob resolv'd, if He with *Laban* liv'd
And by's Laborious Aid the *Syrian* thriv'd,
Rather then *Hire* shou'd's Inclinations tempt,
He'd serve for Nothing, or from *Both* b' exempt,
Laban as Stiff and Positively thought
Injurious Courtesy to serve for Nought
For Length of Time to such a Vast Extent
The score of Obligations wou'd Augment,
That *Bankrupt* in *Civilitys* He must Dye,
The o're-grown Debt unable to repay.
This was the sad *Dilemma* of th' affaires,
Both Plung'd in equal Depth with equal Cares.
Till by Result of some Considerate Thought,
Thus the Debate's to this Decisions brought.

Laban two Daughters had of Different
Size One well enough for a *Fond Lovers* prize,
But She glanc'd Charmes with Odd indiffe-
rent Eyes Under a Veil perhaps at distant View,
She might Enchantments spread, for ought
She Knew But if the Skillful Painter's Curious Art
True lineaments to th' God of Love impart,
She might the soonest Captivate the Mind,
Because, like Love, She was the *nearest Blind*,
For *Rachel* with a Beauteous Grace outshone
As *Jacob* thought at least, the Rising Sun.
Could Passions hid reciprocally move,
Fix at one Look, th' enchanted Lump of Love,
Then with another Bid the Machine *Live*,
And hug'd Misfortune generously Survive.

Now

Now when the Gazing Am'ourist had View'd
The Choice was Easy, and He's Suit purs'd.

Brother, since You my Service will accept,
I the full Harvest of past Toyls have reapt,
If She'l Vouchsafe but to receive the Prize,
Slave to Her Charms, and conquest of Her Eyes
'Tis true, A numerous Herd's a Grateful sight,
And if your *Own*, unparalleld Delight
A Goodly Flock that Graze on stately Hills,
The Heart with joy, and Purse with Treas-
ures fills,

But if Fair *Rachel's* Rival Charmes enthrall,
These Pleasures but th' eluded Fancy pall.
Nay ev'n Harmonious Bleaters, tho' mine Own,
Woud but Distract me with Offensive Groan,
Unless this Sheppardess in Kindness prove
Th' Exemplar of Their Innocence, and Love.
Give me but *Her* in recompence of Hire,
Pawn of my Toyl, and Pledge of my Desire.

I'll be Thy Servant till Revolving Sun
 Seaven times thro' the Cœlestial Zodiac Run
 The Charge consign'd I'll serve with equal
 care

Tho' not with equal Swiftnes of Carrer,
 As the Sun do's th' inlighthen'd Hæmisphære

Laban to this Request as far comply'd

(14) As Promise makes th' Espousals of a Bride
 Better to Thee than to Another Man
 I should my Daughter Rachel Ascertain.

Thus was the Bargan made, and Jacob took
 Charge of the Flocks and careful Sheppards
 hook

Proud of's Employ, but of's Co-partner more,
 When the joyn't-charge Endearing Rachel Bore.
 Th' unæqual Yeares That in progression flow,
 Too fast in Pleasure, and in Pain, too slow

Now

Now, as thro' Medium voy'd of One extream,
Pass'd as Absorpt, and Sunk 'th' Chasme of
Time

Day with such Hurry thrust on prævious Day,
To press on with Præcipitate Decay,
And with such Swiftness mov'd the Willing
Night

T' extinguish, or O're run The lazy Light,
That by a Kind of Leap made every Morn,
Years seem'd to Days, and Days to Minutes
turn.

The Wheels of *Phæbus* are so Swiftly drove,
When the Commanding Charioteer is Love,
Thus when Angelic Natures condescend
The Just to Assist, or Wicked reprehend,
Clad in Corporeal frame to th' Earth repair
As swift as Thought peirce the *Untroubled*

Then

Then with the same agility rebound
Thro' th' *Untouch'd Medium* from the solid
Ground.

The time being Finish'd when *Septennial*
Sun

From His first Entry's Annual Course had Run
Jacob the Promis'd Surety brisk Demands
Reward of's Labour, and Assiduous pains;
But Subtle *Laban*, well inur'd to move
In th' wily Maze and Management of Love,
Under the Coverture of Sable Night
Palm'd the Blear-Eyd on th' undiscerning *Wight*.
What? tho' with Generous Heart He made a
Feast

(15) Appropriate to the *Manumitted Guest*
And to the Solemn Festival invites
The Neighbouring Sheppards, and the *Lab-
nites*

Succeeding Morn reveal'd th' Obtruded Cheat,
Tho' the Young Fondling hug'd th' *unknown*
Deceit.

Invidious Light! without distinctive marke

Leah had been a Rachel in the Dark.

However *Jacob* th' Injury resents,
And thus Expostulates his Discontents.

Do's this Your true sincerity approve
With oblique Marriage ^{is} Couzening m' into
Love?

Have I Seven Years Thy Fleecy Treasures
Kept,

Whilst unfatigu'd Your Self securely Slept?

Have I o're Hills, and Sandy ridges crawl'd

(16) Till my Soft Feet the Dusty *Sandals* gall'd
Or brak'y Thorns my tender Skins have Goard,
And with an Unexpected Keeness board?

All this for Rachel, and yet Leah Wed?

Brought to a Surreptitious Nuptial Bed,

Its

Is't so? Go take the *Matrimonial Fraud*
 Some will they *Craft*, but *Justice None* ap-
 plaud

Here with a Conscious Heart and Looks de-
 mure

Laban did Thus the Passionate Youth assure.

Custome (Says he) has force of Natures
 Law, And amongst Us receiv'd with's solemn Awe.
 But if your Looser Country vainly Wise,
 The Right of Primogeniture Despise
 That Plea amongst the *Syrians* you must
 quit
 For Younger to the Elder must Submit
 A Tree first Planted by my Careful Toyl
 If I Transplant to a more Distant Soyl
 Shall Preference have above th' Inferiour Breed
 That in a long Sequacious Train succeed.

Be but Content and tho' Reluctant, yeild
(17) Till th' Elder Leah has Her week fulfill'd
(18) Then shall Thy Joy conclude This Gen-
eral feast,

And thine Betroth'd Enamour'd *Rachel* rest.

The sound of Birthright struck such *Panic*
feares

That *Jacob* strait for Seven successive Years
Another Contract for's New Wife begun
Least *Laban* smell *Supplanter* in the Son.

Young *Phaethon*, 'twas said, about This time
With *Phæbus*'s Fiery Steeds began to climb
The steep Horizon to *Meridian* height

And scorching *Syrius* blaz'd with torrid Light
When with Grasp'd Reines Impetuously He
Run

On to the Fiery Chariot of the Sun,
Drove, as if Discontented at the Days
Trudging on Slow, tho' in Their usual pace

With

With such a Fury o're th' Empyreal Plains
 That He seem'd headlong with unbridl'd Reines
 Unmeasur'd space so Swift to Traverss o're
 That Days grew Minutes, Years as Days be-
 fore.

That Fourteen Summers, time so insenate run,
 Seem'd, as twere Shrunk, Contracted into
 One

When *Isaac's* Heir from service Toyl'd releas'd
 With *Rachel's* Love, if Possible o're-bless'd
 Enjoy'd in Matrimonial Bonds a Second Feast.

The End of the Fifth Book.



—————
 OBSERVATIONS
 ON THE
 Fifth B O O K.

(1) **A** Mongst the Sons of *Egypt* —
Concerning the Worship of the old Egyptians, vid. Observ. 15. of the first Book.

(2) — To *Bethualia's Tent*.
As Rebeeca was the Daughter of Bethuel so have I gave Her the Derivative Name from Her Father as is very usual amongst both Greek, and Latine Poets.

(3) — *Covert of a silent Moon*.
*When the Moon Shines not out clear but Cloudy, it is said amongst the Latines, Silere; Hence Virgil lib. i. *Aenead* says, — tacitæ per amica silentia Lunæ. The Greeks surpriz'd the Trojans unawares, when They were not discoverable by the Light of the Moon.*

(4) — *Forms a Visto with encircling Arms*.
Visto is an Italian Word, and denotes a long Obscure or shady walk, with Trees planted on Each side; tho' the Word in a strict Sense signifies no more bant

a View, or Prospect, but it is usually apply'd to Trees so planted, and appropriated to that only.

(5) — Material Man —

When God Almighty made Man out of the Dust of the Earth, before He gave Him Breath of Life, or endow'd Him with a Soul, He had a form, by which He was distinguish'd from other Works of His Creation, as it appears, Gen. ch. 1. God made Man, and afterwards Breath'd into Him the Breath of Life, or endow'd him with a Rational Soul. Which Man so form'd, may not improperly be call'd Material Man, or the Lump of Earth inanimate but enjoying Limbs and exterior Parts as it now does.

(6) — Took's unceremonial Bride.

Amongst the Jews there were several Ceremonies which distinguish'd the Primary Wife from the Concubine, or Secondary Wife, as, 1. Their Portion, 2. Their manner of Betrothing, 3. Their Dowry Bill. All which were granted to Wives, but not to Concubines, vid. Observ. 21 of the Third Book, and Observ. 1 of the Fourth Book.

(7) — Cut Mossy Turfs —

It is not to be suppos'd that Jacob lay'd his Head on the Bare Stones, as a Pillow, nor that any Grassy Ground in those hot Countrys could be found where the Sun has a direct Influence, therefore a Supplement to Both, tho' not mention'd in Scripture, is necessary to be inserted. —

(8) — Porpoises Prophetically tell.

It is an Observation of Seamen, and Sailors that before

a Storm several Fish, especially Porpoises are seen to move upon the top, or Surface of the Sea, as if the Winds began to be let loose from below, and disturb'd their quiet Habitation at the Bottom thereof.

(9) — Cardinal Winds extend.

The Four Chief Points of the Compass are East, West, North and South, called by Aristotle and many other Philosophers Venti Cardinalis from a Latine Word Cardo, signifying a Hinge, as if all other Points turned upon them. The usual Number of the Points in the Compass are reckon'd 32 of late Tears since Navigation is come to that Perfection, as it now is, altho' formerly the Number exceeded not 16.

(10) Then by that Altar — sware.

Amongst the Jews there were several ways of Swearing as, 1. By lifting up the Hand towards Heaven, Gen. 14. 22. But at other times he put his Hand upon the Thigh, as Abraham made His Servant do, when He oblig'd Him by Oath not to Marry His Son Isaac to any of the Cananeans, but to one of his own Kindred. 3. The Swearer stood before the Altar, as 1 Kings ch. 8. v. 31. This was also a Customary way of Swearing amongst the Carthaginians, and Romans who did tacis Aris jurare, and Covenants were also frequently made by placing a stone between one Party and the other, as Witness to testify against the perjur'd Person.

(11) — Corban I'll allow.

Corban signifies a Gift, and He that sware amongst the later Jews by Corban, that is, a Gift that was offer'd by Him, was said to be excus'd of the Obliga-

tion He had towards the maintaining His Parents, as Mark 7. But ye say (meaning the Pharisees) if if a Man shall say to his Father, or his Mother it is *Corban*, that is to say, a Gift by whatsoever thou mightest be profitted by me, he shall be Free, and ye suffer him no more to do ought for his Father and Mother. This misconstruction of the Obligation of the Oath. Our Saviour justly reprehends; for the Word *Corban* imply'd in itself no more hurt than by the Altar, and He that sware by *Corban*, was as much bound as he that sware by the Altar, if that Obligation had not been stretcht too far, and us'd to Ill purposes.

(12) — Near an Omer held.

There were two sorts of Measures amongst the Jews which bore this Name only differenc'd by a letter. The first is call'd an Omer and held a Kab and an half, and the fifth part of a Kab, i. e. three Pints & an half and the fifth Part of a Pint, and was the tenth Part of an Ephah. Exod. 6. v. 36. a Kab held in Proportion to our Quart. The Second was an Homer, call'd so from a Word in the Hebrew that signifies an Ass; which is as much as to say a measure holding as much as an Ass can carry, say'd to contain ten Ephabs, Ezek. 45. v. 11. about 45 Gallons of our Measure. vid. Mr. Godwin's Jewish Antiquity.

(13) — Melampus to revoke.

This is only the Name of a Dog that Ovid recites as one of them who worried His Master Actæon, who by Diana is feign'd by the Poets to be turn'd into

into a *Stag* and devour'd by Her own Dogs, for seeing Her naked. It signifies the same as *Black Foot*, derived from the *Greek Language*, tho' Here I have attributed that Name to the Dog of a *Shepherdess*.

(14) —— Promise — espousals of a Bride. The *Collusion* of *Laban* is notorious enough, and that many Ceremonies were requir'd to the *Espousing* a Wife more than bare Promise may be easily collected from what I have before observ'd in the 6th Observation here mention'd, and also in those Places there referr'd to.

(15) —— To the Manumitted Guest. The *Custom* amongst the Romans, when they made a Servant free, was to bring him before the *Praetor*, or *Mayor* of the *City*, where the *Master* in *Presence* of *Him*, or the *Consul* laid *His Hand* on *His Head*, and said, *hunc volo esse Liberum*, then turning *Him* round did *è manu sua* *emittere*. i. e. *Pronounce* *Him* *Free* as to any *Command* *He* *had* *over* *Him*, and that *He* *might* *be* *no* *longer* *detain'd* *involuntary* *in* *His* *Hands*.

(16) —— Sandal Gawls. Shoes and Sandals amongst the Jews are noted to be the same thing, so needs no farther Explanation.

(17) Week

(17) — Week fulfill'd.

By fulfilling Her week Laban is suppos'd to desire Jacob not to reject Leah till the usual Days of Her Marriage Feast was fulfill'd, which were Seven. See more of this in Observ. 6. of the Third Book.

(18) — Genial Feast.

May not be improperly call'd the Marriage Feast as Lectus Genialis is call'd the Marriage Bed, Because the Genij Boni were said to attend at Marriages in Order to Bless them with a plentiful future Issue. And thus much I have thought sufficient to say in this First Part of the Abramideis.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Literal, you are desir'd to Correct with your Pen.

*P*Ag. 48. l. 14. *E*ternal, r. *E*therial. p. 71. l. 7. *V*oluminous, r. *V*oluminous p. 101. l. 13. to *G*lad, r. *G*lad to. p. 136. l. 14. *I*doloatric, r. *I*dololatric. p. 170. l. 9. *S*prings, r. *S*prigs. p. 178. l. 4. *S*bores, r. *S*hows. p. 180. l. 17. *so* long, r. *del. so.* p. 183. l. 7. *left*, r. *let.* p. 185. l. 15. *wbo*, r. *wboe*. p. 205. l. *ult.* *Speake* r. *Spake*. p. 213. l. 14. *Rool*, r. *Roll*. p. 218. l. 11. *Orbicular*, add *Figure*. p. 266. l. 21. *Grac'd*, r. *plac'd*. l. 22. *plac'd*, r. *Grac'd*. p. 265. l. 10. *Nobler*, r. *Noble*. p. 320. l. 7. *Service*, r. *Servile*. l. 14. *Graceful*, r. *Grateful*. *Pref.* p. 5. l. 8. *And* *Heavenly*, r. *Sing Heavenly*.

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